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Rediger, B. E. 1893-1931.
Memorial messages

Fort Wayne, Indiana, October 1901

MEMORIAL MESSAGES

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*Comprising Some of the Sermons
Delivered by the Late
Rev. B. E. Rediger During
the Last Few Months of His
Earthly Ministry*

▼

COMPILED BY MRS. B. E. REDIGER



*"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that
bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace . . . that pub-
lisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"*
Isaiah 52:7.

Memorial Messages



Comprising Some of the Sermons of the Late

REV. B. E. REDIGER

Founder-Evangelist, Fort Wayne Gospel Temple

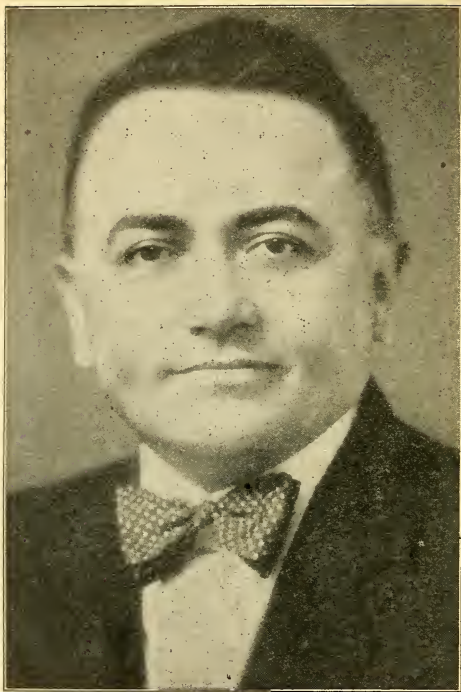


Delivered During the Last Few Months of His
Earthly Ministry

Compiled By MRS. B. E. REDIGER

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900 Webster Street
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Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270



B E Rediger

Born October 1, 1893

Passed Away Nov. 22, 1931; age 38

DEDICATION

To the many thousands, yea millions, who have listened to the messages of my beloved departed husband, both over the radio and at the Temple, for the strengthening of their faith, for the encouragement of their hope, and for the intensifying of their love to Christ, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

FOREWORD

The Fort Wayne Gospel Temple was made a reality through the sacrifice and agonizing prayers of my husband and other faithful followers of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

This little volume is sent forth as a reminder of this Gospel Temple, this House of Prayer, this true monument of my husband's life and of the work he started for bringing the living sheaves from the fields of sin into the Kingdom of Heaven.

I consider these sermons and excerpts as among the choicest of his inspired words. May these "Memorial Messages" be used of God to the salvation of many who shall read and follow the still small voice of the Holy Spirit while reading, is our fervent prayer.

MRS. B. E. REDIGER.

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THE GLORIOUS HEREAFTER

Poem of comfort sent to Mrs. B. E. Rediger by Mrs. F. Warner of
Binghamton, N. Y.

"In the glorious Hereafter
When the veil is swept away,
I shall know with perfect knowledge
What I marvel at today.
I shall trace the wondrous leading
Of a faultless Hand Divine,
All my life-book's hidden meaning;
I shall read it line by line.

I shall know why came the tempest
To my sunny sky so soon,
And why my sweetest blossoms
Were faded ere the noon.
How the all things work together
For my good I then shall see;
And adore with rapturous praises
For the crosses laid on me.

I am willing to walk softly,
Closely clinging to God's Hand,
With each footstep drawing nearer
To my blessed Fatherland.
Drawing nearer to the brightness
Of my darling husband's smile:
Only parted from his presence,
And his love, a little while."

(Anon.)

A MAN OF GOD CALLED HOME



THE SUN is setting in the west and the golden glow of the autumn sunset falls upon the kneeling figure of a farmer boy praying as his head rests upon the plowbeam, while the tired team rests. In the adjoining meadow the cows are lowing for the milkmaid and above the little farm house rises the pale blue smoke of the evening supperfire. The day is far spent. It is time to unhitch the team

and plod slowly toward the barn for there are evening chores to be done, but the lad prays on and on.

And my friend, God only knows what that prayer has meant to this world and how far-reaching it will be in the next, for this lad was B. E. Rediger and in that hour of sunset down on a farm in Illinois, he was dedicating his life to God.

As a young man he preached in his own community and then scarcely thirty, came the greater call, and this farmer boy called of God to preach journeyed to Fort Wayne, when without a friend he began preaching the message that was on his heart.

In the space of four years, without an organization back of him, without a list of membership, without a salary and only by the gifts of friends—utterly upon faith alone, this man gave to the middle west its greatest Gospel work, erected a beautiful temple, organized a vast and far-reaching friendship.

With the exception of Mondays he has preached the Gospel every day. Over the radio in the morning and in the temple three meetings daily and evenings. On Sundays he has broadcasted four hours, making six hours a week on the air.

Not a barren service! Always someone at the altar, always some one saved over the air.

Now yet in his thirties, his body lies in state in the tomb. B. E. Rediger is dead. His Lord has called him home. No more will we hear his voice nor clasp his hand.

The writer believes that he has done the greatest work of any one man in this generation. He has preached to millions and saved thousands, and through his prayers has healed thousands more.

No man with greater faith ever lived! Never did he accept a salary, everything he did was for his Lord. He received and spent thousands of dollars but all for Christ, only enough to keep his family was his share. In his brief ministry he accomplished more than a thousand men using ordinary channels.

It was a pleasure to have known him. An inspiration to have talked to him and had his example.—*H. C. Marlin, in Postscript, Covington, Ohio.*

ANCHOR

Sermon by Rev. B. E. Rediger

(Stenographically reported)

While just a little boy I remember often passing by a barbed wire fence with the wires hanging loosely; many times the wind would blow them together and they would become entangled. This would make it easy for the cows to walk through between the wires. I can still see myself going after them in the evening after I had come home from school, the sun sinking as I hurried along, often wondering why our neighbor could not fix the fence like father's fences.

One day father offered his assistance to the man to put up a good fence. After having cleared away all of the old fence, they set the posts. But when it came to the post on the end father spent a longer time on it. He wanted to put a good anchor down. He knew from past experiences that the fence would be the same sad failure unless there would be a good anchor.

After the fence was all up and the wires were stretched, as I went out to meet father, the wires sang while the wind blew over them. There was no sagging, no entanglement, and when the cows came along and wisely inspected the new fence, they could find no way to crawl through, and thus make me late for supper. Inquisitively, I asked father the secret. He replied it all lay in the anchor.

The neighbor was a bit impatient that father should spend a longer time on the anchor post, but when he saw the nice, neat fence he himself became proud of it

and always after that he was sure to put a good anchor post in at the corner.

In this day that we are living in, while the winds of doubt and unbelief are blowing so hard, we are very apt to become so entangled that in the hour of great need we find ourselves so far away from God that we hardly know how to pray, or hardly dare to pray. That loose fence was all right when the wind was not blowing or there were no cattle that wanted to go over on the opposite side. But when on a strain in any way, it was almost like no fence at all.

We may not need an anchor so very much while we are sheltered by mother's prayers, but out in the storms of life, when you meet up with young men and women who have been lost in the whirlpool of life, who care little for our Lord, who do not know what it is to know the One who will make life worth while, it is then that the young Christian needs to have a good anchor to stand unmoved in the presence of the God-defying crowd.

We read in Hebrews 6:19, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast and which entered into that within the veil." It is wonderful to have an anchor of the soul in these days. It is a great relief to have the mind stayed on God when all around you is lost in the fogs of despair. It is a sad thing to be uncertain as to the salvation of our soul. Accidents all around us, sudden deaths on every hand, only warn us that without any other summons except the call, we too may be gone out of this life.

The great apostle is writing of an anchor, of something steadfast, of something that is sure. Thank God there is that anchor that we all can have. It pays to spend

a little time on the anchor post. Some would have us to rush right by and hurriedly believe, but it is hard to really get a good anchor on the run. If it takes you a whole hour, or a whole night to pray through, would it not be the best day or night that you ever spent? Even though it would take you a full week to get to the place where you could say, "My anchor holds" with all your heart, would it not pay in the dying hour?

If you are really in earnest about it, God will satisfy your soul. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye search for me with all your heart." The Lord said, "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." The one that will not stir out of his or her tracks to find this anchor will surely never find Him. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." God sees us the moment we begin to think seriously about our soul's salvation. But He really wants us to put forth some effort. He wants us to call. The man that is too lazy to call, ought to sleep outside.

"If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." It is easy to confess some one's sins that has wronged us, but to confess our sins is the key to the real situation, and therefore is not so easy. Satan makes it hard.

After we have done what God says, there comes a consciousness within our souls that we are His. Not only that He has forgiven us, but that our names are written down in that Book of Life. Oh, what an assurance in the hour of death. Oh, what a joy this brings us at the thought of His return. What an anchor when folks will try to

drag you down, to really know that it is real. When once you have prayed until you can believe God from the heart, you will never be the same thereafter.

It is a wonderful thing to know, when sickness comes into the home: "That we have an anchor both sure and steadfast and which entereth into that within the veil." Oh, what comfort to know that He is Master over all sickness and all disease. How sweet to know as you kiss your little boy or girl goodbye as they go off to school or away from home, to know that you can commit them into the hands of the One who is more than a match for any germ or any sickness, and that He who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me and forbid them not" will keep them. "For I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." No matter what sickness or disease has fastened itself upon your body or on the body of a loved one, it is a comfort to know that Jesus, who once and for all, has bruised the head of Satan, said, "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

If your Christian life has been an empty void, and if you have been a sad failure all the way along your Christian life, there is just one step between you and that anchor of the soul. Let Him come into your heart and life. Let Him have your body, all for Himself, for honor or dishonor; to be spoken well of or to be abused; to be noticed or unnoticed. All through life He will abide. Once He has come in and sealed you, you are safe until the day of redemption, providing you do not break that seal. Oh, what a joy to know this is true.

All through the hard service of life He will be there to bear the heavy part of the load. He will do

those things for you that you could never do yourself. He will believe, while we are in prayer, for those things that we could never believe for ourselves. And then in the sunset of life when the shadows have lengthened, and the time has come to say "goodnight here" we can "lay ourselves down in peace and sleep for thou Lord only makest me to dwell safely." Then we will say, "Good morning up there."

It is a comfort to know that this anchor is Jesus Himself. And that He has passed "into that within the veil." There by the right hand of the Father He sits tonight; as we are here He beholds our need. He pleads our case before the Father. He, too, once walked this world of sin. He knows our pathway because He has gone this way before you and I were here. Thank God He is moved with compassion as He sees our need. He will supply. He will hold us fast.

It is the duty of an anchor to hold that which it was intended to hold. It is the Anchor Jesus Christ that will hold us. Praise the Lord. It depends on His strength, not mine. It depends on His wisdom, not mine. It is not my ability but His. Oh, what an anchor! All this is for you, my friend: saved or unsaved, sick or well, weak or strong. Thank God, it is for me, it is for you. Amen.

ONE COLD WINTER MIDNIGHT

By Rev. B. E. Rediger

One cold winter midnight in 1928, (after a great meeting at the Tabernacle on Winter Street) with about



THE OLD FORT WAYNE GOSPEL TABERNACLE

six inches of snow on the ground, I came to the scene where the Temple now stands. How vividly do I remember that night. Not a building was on this entire block. It was all still virgin soil. How wonderfully God had protected this spot for this Temple where thousands will hear the simple story of Jesus. Business and professional men had planned to build here, but God held the title.

Here, with the stars shining brightly overhead, twinkling as did that star which announced the Savior's birth, God and I were all alone that night. Every light had been

turned out; and together the Lord and I talked about the building on this boulevard that would be a haven of rest for many a weary pilgrim.

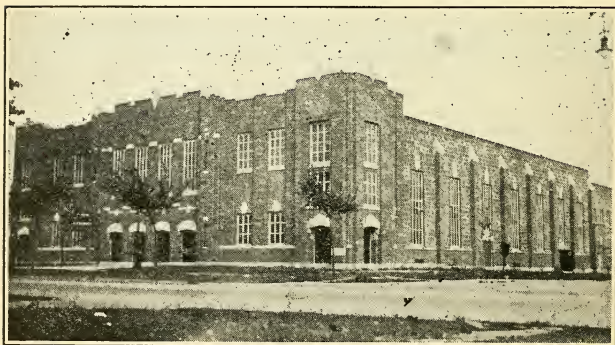
With my feeble faith I asked the Lord, "Will ever enough money come in to put all this across?"

Then as if the Savior stretched out His mantled arm as He pointed to the plains, the hills, and mountains with all their wealth He whispered low, "All this is mine, and as you trust me I'll lead you through and make all this possible."

I hardly dared to think that in just two short years all this would be a reality.

And now in closing all I can say is this: "O magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt his name together."

We will all be looking forward to still greater things; and finally, the greatest of all, when we see Him, with whom I spoke on that winter midnight.



THE NEW FORT WAYNE GOSPEL TEMPLE

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER

Dedicatory Sermon of the Fort Wayne Gospel
Temple, November 30, 1930.

By Rev. B. E. Rediger

(Stenographically reported)

The text for the message of this afternoon is recorded in the 11th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark, verse 17: "My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer." And in Isaiah 56:7, it says: "Mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." In His Word God has given us these two interpretations.

Now He speaks here of "My house." This house originally belongs to God, just like everything belongs to Him. Before the morning stars ever sang together; before the sun or the moon ever gave their light, God created everything in the world. Every piece of timber in this Temple; every brick, of which there are carload after carload; all the cement, of which there are also carloads, everything belongs to God. He created it all in the first place, and then man took these different things and utilized them according to his various needs.

We are gathered here this afternoon in an informal way, giving it all back to Him, who first gave it to us, and I hope in the course of the message of this particular hour that a great number of people will not only give with us this new Temple, but also their own body, which is the temple of the Holy Ghost, back to God for His glory.

God says: "My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer." God has always delighted to give blessings to His people. Before Adam and Eve ever sinned back there in the Garden of Eden, God gave them dominion over everything, and there was sweet communion between God and man. Oh, those were sweet days when they walked and talked with God by the way, but that day was broken, and God must meet man at another place.

We see Abel kneeling at the altar and meeting God there, and later, Moses was called to build the Tabernacle, and in the building of it God told Moses, "See thou make everything according as it was shewed thee." And after Moses built the Tabernacle, the glory of God came and filled it, and I am so glad to know that God can still fill the temple of the soul today with His glory.

How well do I remember that midnight, one cold winter night, when I came to this place after the service in the old tabernacle, and I stopped here on this vacant lot, and friends, God was here. And then after a time came the ground-breaking service; then the laying of the corner stone, and later on the walls were finished and the work progressed until we are here today, and it was all brought about through prayer.

I stopped here one day just before we moved in, and I came down here and knelt at this altar and said, "O God, grant that every soul that ever comes into this place may be saved; don't let one of them be lost." And then I came into the baptistry and said: "Great God, grant that every person whom I ever put under the water here may go through for Jesus; keep them true to Thee, Lord." And I know down deep in my heart that this is God's house, given in answer to prayer.

We read that after David had placed the Ark of God in the tabernacle, and he, himself lived in a mansion, he said: "I am living in a beautiful house of cedar but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains." And David contemplated building a temple for the Lord. But God told him, "You are a man of war, and you will not build a temple, but your son after you will build the temple." And friends, you and I know about the wonderful temple that Solomon built, costing millions of dollars, and which required years to build. And the day they dedicated it, God filled it with His glory, and I am so glad God fills this particular place with His glory, and He, Himself, is going to keep it night and day.

I remember when we bought the tabernacle over on Winter Street; it was not just what I was looking for, but it was the only place apparently, that opened up for us at that time. And I will never forget how God called me out upon that particular work. You know God calls us aside sometimes, and talks to us, and then we talk to Him, and we bring before Him every objection that arises in our mind, and I remember getting out my Bible and jotting it all down in front of me, and as I opened up my Bible one day, it opened at the 27th chapter of Isaiah, and I began by reading the first verse, and I thought, "There is nothing there that can be of help to me." But I read on down until I came to the third verse which reads like this: "I the Lord, do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

I remember how I was fighting with God. I told God I did not want to do it; and that from a financial standpoint I did not like to risk it, and then I opened to that

27th chapter of Isaiah and read the third verse, and friends, hundreds and hundreds of times when my heart was breaking, I have turned to that passage of Scripture, and oh, how much it has helped me. And when I think of the hundreds who came through the doors of that old tabernacle and were saved and healed, I feel well repaid. Many of those people would be under the ground today if it were not for what God has done for them. I sat down in the next few days after that and wrote that verse out and had it hung on the wall of the old tabernacle, and when I got the mottoes painted for this building, I had that verse written out on this large sign up here, because I wanted that hung in the front here where everybody can see it. And that is the basis of this work today. "I the Lord, do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

God says: "My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer," and the outstanding thing about this place is that it is a house of prayer. Friends, the secret of the success in this work is nothing more nor less than prayer. It is nothing at all but the plain simple old story of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and after all, that is what my heart is longing for, and I notice this, friends, the only thing that will satisfy anybody is to put their trust in Jesus. So whether some folks like the place or not; whether they believe in it or not; yet it must be a place that people will have to admit is "a house of prayer." Jesus said, "My house shall be called of all nations a house of prayer," and that is what I want this place ever to be.

When we got ready to leave the old tabernacle, a great many of the people nearly melted: I did myself. And that is why I did not hold the service long the last night we

were there; we dismissed in a hurry and got out. The Lord was so good to us while we were in that place: and the one thing I want this place to be, if the Lord tarries, is a house of prayer for all people.

I am not trying to build up another church; I am not trying to build up a following, but I am working along a missionary basis to establish a place where everybody can come, and give if they wish, or not give if they do not wish.

I hope that some day up in Heaven I can slip back some place behind the curtains and see the boys and girls coming home that have found Jesus in this place. That is my real aim today, friends: to do something to bring wandering souls home to God. I do not ask for one thing but to be able to do something to spread this Gospel out over the world.

And then the other version, back in the 56th chapter of Isaiah, verse 7, says: "Mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." That is, it shall be a house of prayer for everybody. Nobody is to be excluded and everybody should feel welcome. I want it understood at the very outset that everybody is welcome here. I want you to come and enjoy the song service, and to come and kneel at this altar or be baptized if you so desire. I want you to come and be healed; I want you to come and be blessed in your soul, so that you can go out and tell the world of the blessings of Jesus Christ. He says, "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations." Nobody is to be excluded. It is for the rich, the poor, the high, the low. In some places they may distinguish between the rich and the poor, but I do not believe that was ever God's will that it should be so, but the great

love of God can break down every barrier, and so, my friends, "this house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations." It shall be a house where you can come and meet with God, and talk to Him in prayer. I want to tell you friends, it means a great deal to meet God in the spirit of prayer and talk things over with Him.

I remember an old minister once said he did not have much use for a certain denomination; he said he tried to find out as best he could whether there was anything to their way of believing and so he watched an old mother who worshipped there, and one day as she came out of the sanctuary he walked up to her, and looking up under her bonnet he said, "Grandma, did Jesus hear you when you prayed?" He saw the tear drops raining down her cheeks as she answered, "O yes, Jesus always hears me when I pray." And so friends, when you and I come into the house of God in the spirit of prayer, we come into the very presence of God, and He hears us when we pray.

The disciples saw Jesus going out alone on the mountain to pray; they saw Him go in the early morning to be alone with God; they saw how the fig tree withered because of what Jesus said, and they waked up to Jesus one day and said, "Teach us to pray." They wanted to know how to spend their time in prayer like Jesus did. It would be a wonderful thing, friends, if more of us only knew how to get alone with Christ and spend more time in prayer. That is what we need today, more prayer. And so the disciples said, "Lord, teach us to pray." Why do I go alone and talk to God if there is no need of prayer? Why do we receive such marvelous answers to prayer if there is not something supernatural about it?

Prayer, my friends, is the greatest thing in all the world today, but we want to know how to pray according to God's will. Praying is simply coming into the presence of God. You say, "Oh, I can't pray; it is such a hard thing to do." You don't remember the first time you ever spoke to your mother, but she remembers it. I do not remember the first time I spoke to my mother, but in seeing other children just learning how to talk, I can picture myself lisping the first word to mother. It is not at all likely I used correct English, because I do not use it now, but I don't imagine my mother cared for that; she was just trying to hear the first lisping words as they fell from my lips, and when I had said the first word she hung on to it, and so when you come to Jesus and pour out your heart to Him in simple earnest prayer, He hangs on to it.

When you and I come to God in prayer, my brother and sister, we must pray according to the will of God. I believe the greatest hindrance in all the world today to prayer being answered is simply because people never get to the place where they know the thing they are praying for is the will of God, and that God wants that particular thing done for which they are praying. So many times we come to God and tease Him, just like a child will come to its parents and tease them for some certain thing it wants. Thus we tease God about certain things, and we are not quite sure whether God has promised that thing in His Word or not.

Now if you will notice in the Word of God the greatest answers to prayer, you will find that every one of them was based upon something that God had promised He would do. And that is absolutely essential to answered

prayer. It is to pray according to the will of God. And friends, when you are once convinced in your heart that God wants that thing to come to pass that you are praying for, you will go about it in a different way from what you ever did before.

When God spoke to me about this Temple I hesitated for a time before I commenced it, and then after it was commenced, you will remember how it was delayed for a time, and I remember receiving a card from some one who had failed to sign his name to it. It was a neatly typewritten card, and the person had quoted that passage of Scripture found in the 14th chapter of St. Luke, where it says, "For which of you, intending to build a tower sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish." And then the man who sent the card wrote underneath, "Now substitute the word 'temple' for 'tower' and you will have yourself." That was over a year ago, but I still remember the encouragement I received from that card.

Later on, one day as I passed this steel structure I knew that the work could not progress unless the people could be made to see the real need of it. And there came to my mind what the Apostle Paul said, that God had called him to make all men see the truth, and I remember how the light of heaven pierced my heart that this will be the truth through all eternity. And a few days after that the building began to progress and was soon well on the way toward completion.

The prophet Daniel, you will remember, was carried down to Babylon as a captive when king Nebuchadnezzar besieged and destroyed Jerusalem. And after Daniel was taken down there as a captive we read that he purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself, and he continued faithful to his God in prayer. Again I want to say, that what we need in prayer is a conviction that the thing we are praying for is the will of God and when that is once a settled matter in our own heart and mind the thing is going to be accomplished. Now it says that Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself. There he was down in that heathen country and when he read the 25th chapter of Jeremiah he learned that the Israelites were to be in captivity for only seventy years. He then got out his calendar and found that the time had elapsed. Then we read that Daniel got busy and prayed and fasted for three weeks, that is, he ate "no pleasant bread," but he prayed earnestly to God that He would bring to pass that thing which He had promised in His Word. "Oh," you say, "if God has promised a certain thing, and you know it is coming to pass anyway, what is the use to pray about it?" Friends, that is talking things over with God, and that is the way we get answers to prayers. Daniel prayed and the king was moved, and there is the basis of all prayer today—to know that it is God's will and then you can let the matter rest in His hands.

Now here we have the Savior this afternoon, and He says, "My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer." That is, this particular temple shall be called "the house of prayer" by all the people.

And then I want to speak to you about another subject this afternoon. Somebody may be listening in over the

radio, and I wish to speak to you about something you are all interested in, and that is the body in which you live, "the temple of the Holy Ghost." God made it from the dust of the ground. He created us with a sound body, and reasoning faculties, and with power to choose as we will. I can see a man living in the time of Jesus, a man small of stature. He heard about the crowd that had gathered there to see Jesus as He passed by, and he said, "I cannot see unless I climb up into this tree." And so he climbed up into a sycamore tree. He said, "I will rest myself up here among the branches until He passes by, and then when it is all over I will come down and return to my seat of custom."

It seems I can almost hear the rustling of the leaves up there in the tree as Zacchaeus sat there waiting for the Savior to come past. And presently Jesus came down the way and just below the tree He stopped, and looking up He said, "Zacchaeus, come down, for today I must abide at thy house." And friends, Jesus wants to come into your house today. "Oh," you say, "you don't know my conditions: my rent is due; my children have no shoes and I have many debts that I cannot pay." But friends, that is the reason why you want to have Jesus come into your house. He is the Creator of bread and of clothing, and the reason why you are in such circumstances is because you have not opened your heart to Him in all His fulness.

Whether you are here in the temple, or listening in over the radio, won't you come down, like Zacchaeus did when Jesus spoke to him? And listen, friends, this is what he said to the Savior, "The half of my goods I give to the poor: and if I have taken anything from any man by

false accusation, I restore him fourfold." You see he was a sinner. He had often times swindled the people in his business deals. But listen, friends, to what Jesus said, "This day is salvation come to this house." And I want to tell you that if you will let Jesus come into your home, you will have a happier home. Oh, what a difference it makes. He wants to come into your home this afternoon. You say, "Oh, you don't understand; I have sickness in my home." But friends, He is the great Physician, and He wants to come in and save and heal. He says, "I will bless your bread and your water, and I will take sickness away from the midst of you." Praise God for that.

And friends, when Jesus blesses, you will surely have enough, and He will give new life to that body of yours. I want this Jesus to come into my home, and I believe with all my heart that if America, which is the greatest nation on the earth today, will come back to Jesus again, He will have enough and plenty for everybody, and He will start the wheels of prosperity going again. And then through the great tribulation period which is coming, we are going to be protected by His loving hand, if we come back to Him as a nation. If not, it will be with us like it was with Babylon and Egypt, which disobeyed the commands of God and met with disastrous defeat. He says: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." (Ps. 9:17). But let the United States come back to God and He will surely take us through.

My friends, you need Jesus this afternoon. The other night a young man came to the altar and I said, "The Savior will save you." He said, "I am afraid He will not; my home is broken up, and I am afraid He cannot help

me." But friends, scores have come to Jesus with broken homes and He has come into their hearts and lives and made for them a happy home. When Jesus comes in He makes peace and happiness.

How many are there who will say just now: "Jesus, I am going to turn everything over to you this afternoon. I have tried and made a failure of it all, and now I am giving up, and I want you to come in and make life worth while for me again."

Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me;
And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

* * *

THE NEWS-SENTINEL,
Monday, November 24, 1930.

EIGHT THOUSAND ATTEND SERVICES

A total of 8,000 persons attended the afternoon and evening services Sunday in the new \$100,000 Fort Wayne Gospel Temple and streets within a radius of eight blocks of the new temple, erected at Rudisill Boulevard and Clinton Street, were lined with automobiles of persons attending the opening programs.

BAPTISM IN THE TEMPLE

As we administer this marvelous ordinance of baptism, it is an outward sign of an inward work of grace in the heart of the believer. The body goes under the water signifying death and burial, and comes out signifying the resurrection life, so it is true of the inner experience of the soul that follows the Lord completely.

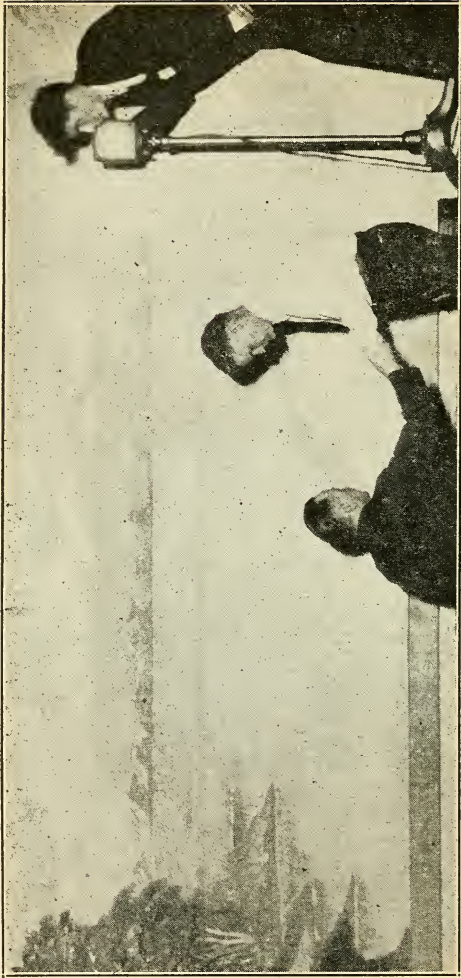
Great crowds always attend this service and everybody is invited. The baptism service can be seen plainly even to the back of the Temple.

The Lord's Supper immediately follows the baptismal service.

Every Christian is invited to partake with us and enjoy this marvelous privilege of appropriating His life in exchange for ours both physically and spiritually.

Yours, preaching the Gospel and teaching whatsoever He has commanded us, "baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost." (Matt. 28:19-20.)

B. E. REDIGER.



The above picture shows Mr. Rediger receiving one of the converts as he enters the water to be baptized, while Mr. Dillon is describing the scene as he stands by the microphone. The water is heated to a tepid temperature. It then flows through the Temple and out into the sewer. Thus, it is in pure, clean, running water that these converts are baptized. This Baptismal Scene in the Temple is in front of the electrically illuminated scenery of the River Jordan.

GETTING THINGS FROM GOD

By Rev. B. E. Rediger

Get in touch with God. Like the honey comb, you cannot touch it unless there remains some of it on you. You cannot touch Him unless you get His life, His love, His peace, His contentment, His joy, His health all over yourself. The harder you squeeze it the more it runs over you. So the closer you draw up to Him the more He pours His Spirit over you until you become so saturated with His love, joy, peace, contentment and health that every fibre of your being tingles with His current, direct from the sanctuary.

It may be that in order to draw real close up to Him, some obstacles will have to be removed. Some debris may have piled up and you may be unable to come real close up to Him until that is first cleared away. There may be some idle talk that will have to be confessed, and forsaken, some brother that you need to be reconciled to, some one's ruined reputation restored as much as possible. But whatever the hindrance may be, it will pay any one to stop and get it all out of the way.

Now that you are connected up with God, keep constantly in touch with Him. Abide. In order that you may have light and power, you must not only get connected up, but you must keep connected up. We may be so carried off with our blessing, or with the fact that He has answered our prayer, that we become careless about our connection.

Carry on a conversation with God continually. As you carry on a conversation with the most intimate loved one of your home, so the Spirit is grieved if you would rather tell your anxious cares to some one else than to Him. His words to you will be life, joy, peace and health to your body, soul and spirit.

Keep giving out. With the true child of God it is exactly opposite to the natural way of man. Keep all you have and try hard to get more, is the natural way of the world. But Jesus says, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom." (Luke 6:38.)

If you give to God with a spoon He will give back with a shovel. You cannot get ahead of God. If you give a truck load He will send it in by the train load. It is not for me, or anyone else, to tell you what, where, or how much to give. God will do that if you live real close to Him.

Testify. In order that we may continue to obtain from God, we must always be ready to tell others what He has done for us. Like the manna, that decayed and bred worms if kept until the second day, so our peace, joy, and our health can only be permanently realized, if we tell others. "They overcame the devil by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony."

So, after all, you are simply a channel through which the Lord pours out Himself upon other hungry individuals.

Oh, what a privilege to be a vessel fit for His service, to be a temple of the Holy Ghost.

THEY HAVE TAKEN AWAY MY LORD And I Know Not Where They Have Laid Him.

Sermon preached by Rev. B. E. Rediger, Sunday evening, April 27, 1930.

(Stenographically reported)

The subject for this evening is found in the thirteenth verse of the twentieth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, where we read the question, "Woman, why weepest thou?" She saith unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

There is an interesting history connected with this remarkable woman whose name was Mary. She was the woman out of whom Jesus had cast seven demons, the woman who had been bound by the shackles and chains of the enemy that had been dragging her down perhaps for years. She had felt the sting of the devil and the terrible burden of sin and despair which he casts upon men and women. She was conscious of the fact that her body was bound by sickness and sin, and so distressed had she become that she couldn't even pray. When she got down to pray she was all choked up. She thought of others who prayed and received help and she wished and longed that she might be delivered from her bondage, and enjoy freedom and peace. But somehow it did not seem to be for her, and she was almost afraid to try any more.

Did you ever see anybody who was afraid to venture into the way of the Lord or enter into a place of worship, and who felt it would not do any good anyhow? Others

might be saved who were not quite so sinful. And so Mary was at that point too. She had come to the place where she believed there was no hope for her. She went on in this way from day to day, from month to month, and finally from year to year. But she heard one day about the Savior, that He was a tender, loving, compassionate Christ. She had heard about some of the wonderful things He was doing for others and she began to frame up this idea: "I wonder what He would do with me if I should go to Him? I wonder if this man Jesus could really help me?"

This is the question on some of your minds tonight. "I wonder if this wonderful Savior could really help me?" You look over your own physical condition and it looks grave and doubtful to you. Perhaps in your lonely hours you sit and wonder and would like to know Him better. You wonder what it would be like to be a Christian. This woman went through all these stages of wonder and doubt and fear, until one day she picked up courage and started down the road to find Jesus. She said, "I am going to find this Christ whom I have heard so much about, and perhaps He will help me."

It seems I can see Mary as she went down the dusty highway. Presently she nears the palatial home of Simon with its wonderful architecture, its grand arches and the beautiful climbing roses. She turned in through the great gateway and as she walked up that sidewalk, something seemed to say to her: "You are a fool to go in there. Why, that house is filled with Pharisees and they are so cold, so hardened and self-satisfied that they do not care for a woman like you." But somehow, Mary went on up the walk.

Some of you think the same thing when you start down to this altar, and the closer you get the blacker things begin to look. Mary felt that way as she went up to that big mansion and was about to seek admittance. Her heart was thumping as her nervous hand reached out to take hold of the door knob. As she went inside, she saw a large table spread, very low, as the custom was in those days, and men in a reclining position were all around it. Those gray-haired Pharisees with their long whiskers and their piercing black eyes looked up at her as if to say, "What do you want here?" The woman's heart was still beating hard and fast, but she was determined to see the Savior, so she walked around the table, and there by His feet she dropped down upon her knees, and with her tears she washed His feet and dried them with the hairs of her head. Then she took an alabaster box, filled with precious ointment, valued at the very least at \$300, which would be a fortune for those dark days—and she broke the box and poured the ointment at His feet. They looked at each other in wonder and amazement. Simon was thinking, "If He really were a prophet, He would know what kind of woman she is. She is a woman of the world, a woman of ill repute, and a pure hearted Savior would know her right away."

The Savior looked over at Simon and said, "Simon, I have something to say to you." Simon said, "Say on, Master." Jesus said, "There was a certain creditor who had two debtors. One who owed him just a few dollars and the other owed him several thousand dollars, but in-as-much as they neither one had anything to pay with he forgave them both. Now, Simon, which one do you suppose loved him most?" Simon said, "I suppose the one

to whom he forgave most." Jesus said, "You have rightly spoken. Now, Simon, I came into your house and you gave me no water to wash my feet, but this woman since she came in, has not ceased to wash my feet with her tears and dry them with the hairs of her head. When I came into your house, you gave me no kiss but this woman has not ceased to kiss my feet."

Then He turned around and said, "Woman, thy sins which were many are all forgiven."

There at the feet of Jesus that woman was liberated. She was lifted out of the bondage of sickness and sin into the freedom and peace of a life with Christ. She received, as it were, the breath of Heaven, and as she went out of that palatial mansion her heart was singing:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

She went back to her home a happy woman. She was saved, redeemed, and healed. She had been made perfectly well.

Now this woman came to the place where Jesus was on trial before Pilate in the Judgment Hall, and she was thinking: "I wonder what they will do with Him?" She finally saw Him through the open door, with His hands tied behind Him. She saw, and her sympathetic heart was touched with sorrow as they marched the Savior out. His hands were still tied, but now He also had a crown of thorns on His brow. They led Him out to the whipping post, and with His back bared they began to lay upon Him the stripes; and every time they struck a blow, Mary cringed with sorrow and sympathy. "The poor Savior,"

she was saying, "He healed me and set me free." She could not understand what it was all about. She looked on until thirty-nine stripes were laid on His back. Then they released His hands, they brought on the heavy cross and laid it on His back and started Him up the hill toward Calvary. Mary looked on in horror and O how she pitied Him. They took Him on up to the place called Golgotha, or the place of a skull, to crucify Him.

The Savior began to climb the rugged hill. Mary's heart was broken. She did not understand yet what it all meant. She wondered why One who had blessed her and set her free should be put to death in this cruel way. She stood up there on that hill while they drove the spikes through His hands and feet, and after they hoisted Him up in the air and dropped the cross down in its place in the ground. It was Mary who looked on with aching, bleeding heart, and with tears streaming down her face. She saw again the One who said: "Woman, be thou released from thine infirmities."

Finally three o'clock came, and with it intense darkness and a great earthquake, as the Savior groaned aloud and said: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" Mary heard Him utter these words. Again He groaned aloud and said: "It is finished." Again the earth trembled as it reeled in the grasp of the awful darkness, and then all was quiet. Mary did not understand yet.

Presently, Joseph of Arimathaea and Nicodemus took the body of Jesus down and placed it in the tomb and rolled the stone before the door of the sepulcher. Then they sealed it with the king's seal to make it still more secure, while Mary stood looking on, sad and tearful. She turned away and walked slowly home with a broken

heart. She entered her room and there she sat down to meditate. Then early in the morning of the first day of the week, she with some of the other women prepared sweet spices and started down the road toward the tomb to anoint the body of Jesus. They did not stop to question who would give them permission to enter the tomb, but they just started out. Oh, love, my brother and sister, will make you go through places you would not think of going into. I can see them going down the dusty road on that early morning, but when they arrived at the sepulcher, they saw an angel sitting on the stone which had been rolled away from the door of the tomb.

The other women hurried away, but Mary stayed there outside, and while she stood there weeping—not only because they had killed her Master, but now they had come and stolen His body away—an angel appeared to her and said: “Woman, why weepest thou?” She said: “They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.”

My friend, have they taken away your Lord to-night? Do you remember back when you were a little boy, or a little girl, and just before you went to bed, you knelt down beside your bed and folded your little hands, looked up to God and said:

“Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.”

Then you climbed into bed and mother tucked the cover around you. Peace attended you then. Now it's different. To-day you are with a different class of people who call

all of that "old-fashioned" and "out-of-date," but the peace you once knew is gone. Something told you there wasn't any use to keep on praying—that prayer is out of style anyway—but, somehow, the joy has leaked out. Of course, you can't expect God to do for you what He would if you still trusted Him and prayed like you did away back there. "But," you say, "somehow, I am not satisfied. They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

I could tell you of several instances in the Bible where "they have taken away my Lord." Instances of men who at one time enjoyed the Lord, and then lost that sweetness and fellowship from their lives. You remember the story of Saul and David, and it is about these two men that I wish to speak to you this evening.

You remember how Saul was anointed king. God had given him a new heart, and wherever he went he was known as a man of God. I want to tell you my brother and sister, that wherever you see a child of God you can tell him. I know they are often called "old fogies" and "out-of-date," but when it comes to a real "show-down" they are all there every time. Their hearts are in tune with the Almighty.

It was so with King Saul. For some time he walked with God and was endowed with the Holy Spirit, until one day things turned around in such a way that he drifted away from God and the joy of his heart leaked out, and the peace he once knew vanished away. He did not hear the still small voice any more.

There came a morning when he did not get down on his knees and ask God to lead and guide him through the day. There came a noon-day when he did not take time

to pray. There came a night when he crawled into bed without getting down and thanking God for the blessings of the day and His protection and care.

O there came a day for King Saul when he could say: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

It affected King Saul so badly that he resorted to a witch to learn where the trouble was; but, my friends, I'll tell you where the trouble was. Away back there when God spoke to his heart and he did not listen to God and obey Him, there is where he began to lose the joy and sweetness of the Holy Spirit.

I remember the time I was converted, when I was only thirteen years old, out there in Illinois. That will always be a sacred spot to me. I remember when the light broke in upon me. Talk about your Easter resurrections. Friends, the 7th day June, 1907, was my Easter. That is when the light broke into my darkened soul, and my brother and sister, until you get to that place where Jesus is resurrected in your own heart and soul, you are really dead.

A man came to me one day shortly after I was converted and told me this: "I want to tell you one thing, that as long as you read your Bible and pray three times a day, you will never backslide."

Friends, we should seek the presence of Jesus in reading His sacred Word and praying at least three times a day, if we would enjoy the peace of Heaven always in our hearts.

I started out like that, and the first thing in the morning I would read the Bible and pray. And then at noon again I would go to God in prayer. I would get out that little Bible mother bought for me one time over in Chenoa,

Illinois. I prized that Bible so very highly, and I would get it out and read a while, and Oh, how light my heart was. I knew Christ. I tell you, friends, it wasn't theory with me, it was a reality in my heart and life. I knew it, and at night when supper was over, I would again seek the presence of God. Talk about the joy of salvation; I knew what it was.

I know what it is to play ball. I used to get out with the boys on a Sunday afternoon and have a time, but I want to tell you friends, that nothing in the world can compare with the joy that God gives to those who love and trust Him. I love to talk with God as one man talks with another—face to face. That's the way I talked with God in those days, but I remember one noon day I was so tired, and the suggestion came to me, "You don't need to go upstairs to pray today," and I did not go, and in a very short time the joy of my salvation became a theory instead of a reality, and from that time on for five long years the joy and peace in my heart had subsided. The keen edge of my love for God was gone. Oh "They had taken away my Lord and I knew not where they had laid Him."

But after five long years, one evening when the moon was shining through the branches of the trees, every one was gone and I was alone, thinking of those days when I knew God and was so happy in His love. Oh, it is a wonderful day when God again begins to speak to you, and it seems I can see myself as the big tears began to roll down my cheeks, and I got down upon my knees and said: "My God, if there is any way I can get back to You and have that sweet fellowship restored that I once knew, I surely want to find the way." And there in the silvery moonlight I surrendered myself again to God and He

touched my heart with His pardoning grace; and since that night it is more than a theory with me, for He is risen in my heart today. Praise God!

My friends, if they have taken away your Lord and you don't know where they have laid Him: if through neglect you have lost the joy and peace from your heart, you can be restored to Him to-night if you will, and He will be resurrected again anew in your life.

Mary was standing near that tree crying when she heard something. Someone was coming back of her. She heard footsteps, and supposing it to be the gardener, she turned to Him and said: "If you have carried Him away, tell me where you have laid Him and I will take Him away." Mary did not know it was the Savior standing back of her. Perhaps that is the way with some of you here tonight. You are standing out there in darkness, supposing the Savior is a thousand million miles away, but Jesus is right here tonight. He will forgive every sin right now and heal every disease, if you will place your case in His hands.

Mary was weeping and brushing the tears from her eyes. She heard just one loving word from the Savior—"Mary." She looked up and said: "Master." She had found Him for whom her heart was longing. Her question was answered in Christ, and my friends, you can have your question answered to-night just like Mary did.

A man came here some time ago and said to me: "I want to speak to you for a while, if I may." I talked to him for a short time and I saw that I couldn't help him at the time, so I made an appointment for several days later. He was to be here for the nine o'clock meeting and then I was to give to him a short time for private con-

versation following the meeting. He was here on time and we went through the meeting. About ten minutes of ten I went over to him and said: "Jesus Christ wants to come into your heart and straighten out all your difficulties." The tears rolled down his cheeks as he knelt at the altar, and within a few minutes the light broke in upon his soul and set him free. The services were over and I said to him: "Come over here now, and we will have our talk together." He smiled from ear to ear and said: "My questions have all been answered in Christ." He went away satisfied and happy in his new-found Savior.

My friend, the biggest question you have will be answered in Jesus Christ tonight.

Perhaps you are here from a distance and have heard of some of the wonderful healings that have taken place here. I want to tell you, my friends, you haven't heard any exaggeration. This is not simply a weird mistake. I know some of the newspapers have seemed inclined to speak against it and some preachers have preached against it, but the Word of God thrives on persecution. No matter what you have heard of these wonderful healings, you could not have heard anything exaggerated.

When I think of the people coming here eaten up with cancer, out in sin and darkness; and how that God, in a moment of time forgave every sin and healed every disease, it is marvelous. You have not heard it exaggerated, my friend.

He is here tonight to forgive every sin and heal every disease. I know enough about God to know that if you give yourself over to God and live 100 per cent for Him, that He will forgive you; and He will protect you.

And when you get to the end of the way He will place you on that golden chariot and take you safely over there "to where your Savior you will meet." There is nothing weird, nothing fantastic about it. It is just the plain Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the Word of God.

I wish I could spend my time going from home to home to bring this message of love and hope to those in need, because it has blessed my soul so much in the few instances I have been privileged to do this. I remember, Dr. Felts, a man who had already bought his casket. No hope for his life or for the world to come. I sat and told him the way of redemption while the tears rolled down his cheeks and he said, "That would be wonderful." We got down upon our knees and that man, that father, whose children had never heard him pray, gave his heart to God and had his sins forgiven, and the peace that passeth all understanding came into his heart. And then I explained how Jesus would heal his body. We got down upon our knees again and asked God to heal him from that deadly cancer, and friends, within twenty-four hours every secretion in his body became normal, and today he is a well man, living out on a farm and working hard. Praise God! That is one case, and I could cite you many other cases.

My friends, these things have happened right here in Fort Wayne. Nobody can tell me there is nothing to the Bible. You might as well try to tell me there is no such place as Fort Wayne. Christ is here tonight to heal, to save and to bless you. He will come into your heart and make you over new. People come here and find Jesus precious

to their souls and find healing for their bodies, and they say their lives are so much different. Some of them have been church members for years, trying to do right, but they say everything is so different now.

My friends, it is the salvation of Jesus Christ that brings not only peace and happiness into your heart and life, but light into your soul that you never knew existed before. And this light on your pathway as you go on through life, will, as the Psalmist said, "shine more and more unto the perfect day." Jesus is here tonight to give you that light.

Possibly there is something in the heart that keeps you down in life, and Jesus is talking to your heart about it tonight. There are such moments like that when God begins to talk to the heart, and that is the time if we will yield ourselves to Him, that He will come into our life and so permeate our being that life will be one constant song. Jesus has it for you tonight.

No matter how much confidence I have in man, I have a thousand times more in God. He will go with you all the way.

When you go through the valley of trouble He is there. When the bank will not loan you any money and you can't sell your home; when your children are hungry and you don't know what to do next, then you can get alone with God and sob out your heart and somehow He will help you out of your very worst difficulties. He is a wonderful God. Call it psychology if you will. I know what psychology is, but the salvation of Jesus Christ beats it a thousand million miles. There is no friend like God when we cannot carry our burdens alone.

When we came to Fort Wayne about four years ago, we were strangers here. We started the meetings here almost without friends, but we put all our trust in Jesus and He has blessed us in a marvelous way. When you come to Jesus and talk to Him about your needs He will see you through. He did it for me and He will do it for you. God always has a way out. You do not need to get excited when things go wrong; just get down and tell God all about it, and when you get up from off your knees you will feel the workings of the Holy Ghost, and you will say: "Father, forgive me for ever doubting." Just go all the way with Jesus. He will find a way for you out of your final difficulties. He will take you through life; and when you come to the end of the way, He will take you across the river of Death and land you safely on the other side.

If you will come to Him tonight and yield yourself into His hands, He will make life worth while for you, and my brother and sister, as time rolls on, generation after generation will arise and call you blessed.

A short time ago I stood by the grave of my grandfather, who is sleeping underneath the pines. My father has often told me the story of my grandfather's life as a pioneer preacher, and as he lay upon his death bed he gave his parting blessing to the twelve children he left behind—orphans, with the mother, and when he closed his eyes in death it was with a prayer on his lips that God would take care of those children.

Now after forty-five years have passed I am preaching the same Gospel and men and women are saved, as then. I have found his God a compassionate God.

“My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands,
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, He has riches untold.
I’m the child of a King, the child of a King,
With Jesus my Savior, I’m the child of a King.”

This Father is waiting to press you to His bosom tonight. This is not a place to play with religion. I am not wasting my time and strength to tickle people’s fancy. I am here to preach this Gospel as it comes to me just now. If the little joy of life has been leaking out of your heart and soul, come to Jesus tonight and let Him fill you with the peace of Heaven, and restore to you again the joy of His salvation.

Blessed God, we are here tonight to point these people to Thee, and to show them that You are a God who can really satisfy, and tonight our blessed Lord Jesus, we pray that you will touch hearts and draw them by Thy Holy Spirit close to the great heart of God. Have Thine own way tonight Lord, for Jesus’ sake. Amen.

Now while every head is bowed; while every eye is closed and every Christian is praying, I wonder how many will raise your hand and say, “I have a real need in my life, and I want you to pray for me.” Will you raise your hand and let me pray for you tonight?

God bless you. Altar Service.

A MEDITATION

By Rev. B. E. Rediger

"Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said concerning me." (Josh. 14:6.)

Most of us can think back a few short summers when God talked to our hearts, and we remember tonight as though it were but yesterday "the thing the Lord said—concerning me."

Perhaps it was in the kitchen, the garden or school room of that rural district of long ago, or did the Lord talk to you as He talked to me as I was plowing on father's farm?

The tall trees then stood where there is no land mark now. Barns and houses have decayed since then; and when we come back and see the change that years have made, we see a mark here and there where "God once spoke concerning me."

The old kitchen still remains where mother often got our breakfast long before the break of day. We see the very spot where mother prayed the night I said "salvation is not for me." I tried so long and then in sheer despair I felt convinced that death and hell my only lot would be. But mother knew, thank God. He answers prayer when we pray in earnest. Her tears, I see them yet. "Oh, God," she cried, "save my boy tonight." Praise God! That night was the beginning, and in answer to mother's prayers "God spoke that thing concerning me." That night my life took on a different course.

Then one day He spoke again. Alone in the field; tall stalks of corn around me made a good place of secret prayer, there by the old farm wagon drawn by Maude and Luce, the faithful grays.

He spoke of sheep outside the fold. "Will you not go and tell them of my dying love?" Then I thought of the place I was farming, where father worked and mother prayed. "Oh, God," I said, "I'll talk to those at home, but I cannot leave this farm." Then thoughts of poverty, a mistaken call, a fruitless ministry, a disappointed, unclothed family came to me. The devil threw this all upon the public screen before me in plain view, until I shuddered at the thought of going.

Perplexed, I asked Him as I went to bed, "Lord, let me see your plan tonight." Then, there in that same room where mother prayed, while all was still, the stars were twinkling down as when Jacob at Bethel lay, He showed me in a moment my work, my place in His great vineyard.

Again He spoke to me. It was in a sick room. The patient lay in spasms. They had called for me and I came and prayed. And there when on my face in silence the Savior came and quickly touched her body, and I saw His face. Such a face I had never seen. And yet I knew it must be He. No word fell from those sacred lips; but had He used a hammer He could not have crushed my poor heart more, as bleeding and broken I at His feet had fallen. Such looks of kindness and love and yet such grandeur in His eyes. A kindly smile came from His saddened face, and I knew at once He understood all. The bygone days were still clear to Him. He knew I was afraid to trust Him, trust Him for all. Yes, for friends, food, clothing, guidance

when all was dark, for messages where He may choose to send me. "I am with thee," were words I seemed to hear Him say. I looked far into the distance. "Lord," I said, "if you will let me slip my hand in yours, if you will go with me in the pulpit, if you will whisper the words you want the folks to know, then I am yours, and never to question how, or why or where. Enough if He does send me. He'll be with me to the end. It was a bargain, and we have walked together ever since.

Again He spoke. It was just a year ago. One dark night when all was still as death, all were asleep so soundly, wife nor children had heard Him come, He came so softly. "A full Gospel work is needed here," He said, "and will you let me use you now?" "I want a place where folks will go who will never go to church, a place where church members stale and dry may go and get some warmth to take to their frozen pulpit and pews, a place where they may come and get saved and healed; a place where I can pour out my Spirit, where no selfish motive lies back of every scheme." But before I thought, I questioned again, as long ago: "Oh, God," I said, "it cannot be, so many will not care to come. A place like that will cost too much, the expense will be too heavy, then too what if none would ever be saved?" For me to enter alone on such a task, who will care for the building on that dark night when Satan lurks around? The Bible classes will need someone to teach them, the folks will need to be invited in, the singers too will need to be brought in and some will disturb the meetings. And so I questioned in that dark night until He bade me see what Isaiah said in 27:3 and there He talked again, "I the Lord do keep it, I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day." Now it is a

real comfort to rest on this word: "Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said concerning me."

Dear friends: Do you remember when God spoke to you, "Come unto me and rest?" And did you come? Did you lay your tired head on His bosom and rest? Or are you still outside tonight, toiling, struggling, trying hard to win? Oh, let Him in. He'll come today, your burdens lift, your cares He'll take away, your sins He now forgives, your sickness He has borne. No longer break His heart, but come.

Then did He call you into His work? Has He a place for you? Oh, yes, He told you long ago. Come, trust Him now. He'll lead you to the end. He'll plan your life. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion that cannot be removed but abideth forever."

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

By Rev. B. E. Rediger

Whether she is living or dead, you can still say, "She is my mother." The value of a Christian mother's care can never be fully estimated. Mother holds the greatest responsibility of any human being. There is no one in the world that carries such wonderful opportunities as a mother. Every opportunity has a responsibility attached to it. This is mother's burden. No one feels like mother does the pains of a child. When disappointments come, or when society looks disdainfully upon the wayward boy or girl, mother still loves on. She seems to understand like no one else. When others have grown tired of sympathizing, mother's heart still is as warm as when you first opened your eyes to look into hers.

When a button has been ripped off the shirt, the lad quickly calls for mother. No one understands the problems of a girl like mother does. When father's things are lost, he always appeals to mother. Mother, so important in the home, and yet often times the most unnoticed of the entire household! She often works on, into the night; and when all have gone to Dreamland, it is mother that makes her rounds, tucks the covers in tightly, places a kiss upon the forehead, and kneels in silent prayer. When things go wrong, mother suffers deeply but always has a hope for the future. It is when this love which God has given to mother and this tremendous optimistic look are backed up by a Christian character that mother truly is a priceless jewel.

Some times thoughts come to her: "If I could only do some thing great for my Master, how gladly would I go to the ends of the earth with the message of salvation, or give my life as a heroine on the battlefield of right against wrong!" But there is no greater sacrifice than that which a true Christian mother makes. No one has a greater influence than a mother. You do not see her name on the front page of the newspaper, neither do you see her standing high in the long list of office-seekers. You very seldom hear her eulogized. We applaud the achievements of men and build monuments to what they have done; but remember, the old adage is always true: "When any man climbs high on the ladder of fame, a woman is invariably holding the ladder." The imprint that mother stamps upon her child in earliest youth will never be erased.

When Paul wrote to Timothy, he wished to encourage him by telling him that there was a stalwart character back of all his efforts: "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also."

Mother may be gone, her eyes may have closed in death. You may have placed her body in the casket and lowered her into her grave, but she is still your mother. The Savior says, "There is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth." That darling mother has gone into the presence of Jesus. The angels will bear the message of your salvation to her as you come home to your mother's God. There is no other way by which you can gladden her heart so much as to send her the message, that her Christ has become yours. We love to

send bouquets to mother and do all we can while she lives, but no bouquet upon her grave will ever do as much as that message that angels will carry home, as you let Jesus come into your life.

Mother's tears may roll thick and fast as you wave goodbye on your mission to carry the Gospel where God has called you, but there never was a mother whose heart was lighter and throbbled with truer joy than the one who knows that her child is in the center of God's will.

Oh, mothers of this twentieth century, take heart if your boy or girl is wandering in the wilderness of sin. God says, "The promise is unto you and your children." You dare to believe God for the salvation of that boy or girl. Commit them fully into the hands of the Lord. They can never resist a mother's prayer of faith, and faith will only come as you grasp the promise of God of Acts 2:39: "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

What a wonderful day it will be indeed when the trumpet sounds and the dead in Christ come forth. We shall rise to meet our Savior and go in with Him to the marriage. He will seat His own around the great banquet table when He will drink the fruit of the vine anew with us in His kingdom. The joy of all the ages for every Christian father and mother will be to have every member of the family present in that great reunion. The circle need not be broken. Oh, stand fast in the faith, dear mother and father. Do not cast away your confidence in the Lord, which hath great recompense of reward.

"Tell mother I'll be there
In answer to her prayer,
This message blessed Savior to her bear;
Tell mother I'll be there
Heaven's joys with her to share,
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there."

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

Stenographically reported as B. E. Rediger gave it on the evening of his 38th birthday, October 1st, 1931.

Now the one purpose in writing the book of "The Story of My Life," is to encourage men and women everywhere to trust in the Lord, and take God at His Word. So many of us are afraid to do that, and so that is one purpose I have in telling this story tonight. I feel there is no credit coming to myself as I speak; I am a part of humanity, and I deem every act of every individual as a real contribution to the making of my life. Whether they intended to help or hurt me, I feel deep down in my heart, that every word and every act was for my own good, for we know that "all things work together for good to them that love God." So because of this there is a great reaction of credit upon humanity as well.

Now I feel that there should be within our hearts a real consciousness of our responsibility to our immediate family. So often we hear people say, "I want my children to go to Sunday School; I want to have my family saved, and so far as I am concerned, I will not hinder them from going to heaven." But friends, if I could tell you how much I appreciate tonight that back in my line of ancestors, I do not know of any who were not Christians; and if for no other reason, I feel that I must be a Christian for my little family's sake. Friends, it is not enough

for me to say that I will leave it to them to be Christians, but I, too, want them to look back upon the ancestral line, as I can, without a break in it. And if there is a father or mother here who has been taking the attitude that you cannot live for Jesus, I want to say to you that if you will live your life for Him, after you have passed on, your family will look back upon your life as a God-fearing parent, and your memory will be blessed.

I have never seen my grandfather, Rev. John Rediger, who died at the age of 52 years—a long time before my father was married. He, with grandmother, came to this country from Lorraine, France, and settled in Central Illinois. They bought a farm of eighty acres, raised enough grain to feed the family, and grandfather preached the Gospel to the people of that sparsely settled community. He never preached to large crowds—oftentimes to a very few—but people who told me of his ministry spoke of his untiring zeal for God.

I want to relate two instances of his ministry: One is of an old gentleman, living still in Illinois, who told me he did not like to meet my grandfather, for he said immediately when he would meet him, he would begin to talk about his soul's salvation. He seemed to have such a burning consciousness and burden for lost souls upon him, that when he found one who did not know God, he felt that if he did not lead that individual to Christ at once, he might be forever lost. There was an impelling force in his life to lead men to Christ. Not seeing in the atonement of Jesus Christ, the finished work for the physical body, his death came about early, largely from sheer

exposure which resulted from such visits as this one I am about to relate.

One evening grandfather heard of a dying man twenty miles away, who was unsaved. The wind was blowing, and the mercury was down below zero, but he told grandmother, "I must go; I cannot think of that man going out into eternity without God." It was so stormy that he pitied his horses too much to take them out, so he started to walk across the prairie, over little ponds, and climbing snow banks, out through the stormy night. Along about four o'clock in the morning grandmother awakened the children, telling them that no doubt grandfather was lost in the storm. Evidently she did not have faith that God would protect him on this mission, but she called the children up and said, "We will pray about it." And as they had all gathered around the family altar to pray, there was a rap at the door, and there, just as day was dawning in the east, grandfather came back. He had walked forty miles that night through the storm and cold to bring the Gospel to one soul, and it was not in vain, for as he came back, just as the sun was rising in the early morning, the soul of that man went out to be with God; to a place where the sun never sets.

That was the kind of grandfather I had, and as I stood by his grave a short time ago, with the wind sighing through the pine which a friend had planted with his body, I felt the impelling force in my heart to go on more and more in the work of the Lord, for we have this great task of going out into the highways and bringing in lost souls; for those whom we do not bring to Jesus today may not have another opportunity to be saved, and



Preaching the Gospel in neglected places.

will be forever lost. It is for us to finish the task he left undone.

Now the first recollection I have of my life was of being in a prayer service. With ancestors on both sides being Christian people, I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth, as it were, so far as salvation is concerned. I appreciate it too. My parents were deeply devoted Christians. Every morning as soon as breakfast was over, father would get the Bible and read a passage of Scripture, and we would kneel down and every one would pray. I want to tell you friends, that alone is worth more than a million dollars to any child. I would rather have that particular thing stamped upon my life than to have a million dollars, if I could not have both. Friends, nothing takes the place of a deep-rooted conviction of God's Word and of the wonderful promises there.

Just to remind you of another instance: My father and mother never carried any insurance on their lives or upon any of their buildings. They lived there on a farm of two hundred acres in Central Illinois, in the corn belt section of the state, and had large buildings, and I remember one summer afternoon a tremendous electrical storm arose and it seemed that everything would be dashed to pieces, and when the storm was at its worst, my father said, "Let us pray." I will never forget that; and we knelt there side by side. It may not mean so very much to you when I tell you of these things, but I prize them very highly; they mean so much to me.

And then in the evening, after the work of the day, before retiring we would all gather around the family altar again just as we did in the morning. We also had prayer twice at the table each meal, just before the meal,

and then immediately afterward. But one day while with mother in the garden, I asked her this question: "Mother, what does it mean to be born again; what does it mean to be converted?" Without thinking very much, and without raising up (for she was stooping to get vegetables for dinner,) she said, "Ben, after you are a little older, you will understand these things."

Mother never found out what an awful blow that was to my life, for this was the thing the devil used immediately as he said to me, "If you cannot understand these things now, then no doubt you will never be able to understand them." And friends, I had to battle with that thing until I was almost twenty years old, always struggling along, with that particular thing in the background. And I just want to say to you who have children, no matter how young that child is, if it wants to be saved, the thing for you to do as a father or mother, is to take that child before the Lord and explain that the Lord died for it, and that He will save all who believe on His name, and help it to give its little life to Jesus. If you will do that, there will be a satisfaction coming into that child's life it will never forget.

Mother meant it right; she thought that if I would wait until I was several years older I would feel a change coming into my life, and then I would understand what it all meant. And since I feel that this life story is not to praise anybody unduly, it is never wise to keep a child back, when it desires to know the things concerning God and the salvation of their own soul. A child ought to, other things being equal, awaken very early in life to these thoughts, and when they do, my friends, never put them

off, but always explain open-heartedly to them, and then they will be open-hearted to you.

Things went on in this way for a few years. We had very strict discipline in our home. That is, everybody had to obey. I am very sure I never called my father "the old man" in his presence; and I knew why, too. There was one thing my parents were very strong on and that was, the children must obey. They always were kind; I can never look back upon the time when they were unkind to me; I do not feel that way about it at all. They tried to get along without punishing, but if things went wrong around the house, one look from father toward the kitchen door, usually brought a serene attitude among us children, for back of that door, on a six-penny nail, hung a strap about so—long and about so—wide, (indicating with his hands about 18 inches long and one inch wide,) and it would do the work. My parents would always try to stop our childish differences by gently arguing with us, but sometimes if that did not stop it, every promise to do good and obey would not stop them when once they started for that kitchen door. We would go into another room, and there we would get that strap good and hard.

I got a good many spankings when I was a child. "O" you say, "there is a new way of raising kids now-a-days." And you have said it; and since there is a "new way" of raising them, that's the only thing you have too, is a bunch of "kids." There is a sad word of prophecy in the Bible which goes something like this, that there will be in these last days a loss of natural affection. That is between fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, and parents and children. And then it speaks of "children being

disobedient to parents," and our children who are living today are living and breathing into themselves a different kind of atmosphere than you and I did.

I never had to breathe the atmosphere that my children do today. The Bible tells us that it is going to be the very atmosphere, and while it is a great privilege to have a family of children, there is resting upon every father and mother a tremendous responsibility. If you and I ever lose the confidence of our children, it may take a life time to regain it again, and it may only be after we have closed our eyes in death, that they will once more regain that confidence.

Under this condition, at the age of thirteen years, I began to be very much concerned about my soul. I wanted to be saved, and I began to pray very definitely that the Lord would save my soul. I prayed for three days and a half—not just a little bit, but I became very serious about it. I could not be light-hearted about anything; nothing could have made me laugh heartily, for there was one thing I was afraid of, and that was I would never be saved. Some of you may feel the same way. I do not know how many here tonight feel that way, or whether any of you do, but if you do, you have my sympathy.

I told my brother, "I have prayed for three and a half days, and I do not believe I can ever be saved." He went over to where mother was, and even though she had spoken unadvisedly when I was a small boy, she went to her room and there alone with God, she poured out her heart, and when I went to the meeting that night something in my heart kept pulling me. That was evidence enough that the Lord wanted to save me, but there was that fear that I could never be saved. I could hardly eat or sleep,

but on the 7th day of June, 1907, I saw the first real ray of light, and I want to say that this entire work, so far as I am concerned, is built up on that foundation. The Lord showed me at ten o'clock at night on that 7th day of June, that "Jesus paid it all."

Everybody was testifying that when they were converted the burden rolled off their heart, and that such a change came into their life, and when I prayed I said, "Lord, take the burden away, and help me to feel that I am saved." But in the morning at ten o'clock on that 7th day of June, I began to see that "Jesus paid it all." I had no feelings, no emotions, but there was a ray of light that Jesus had paid for every sin, and that if I would accept that atonement, I would be saved immediately. I did not dare follow that light until that night, about twelve hours later, out there in the yard of that church house—or meeting house rather, is the proper name for it—I looked up at the stars and said, "I have looked for feeling, but the Book tells me that Jesus died for me, and that whosoever believes should be saved; and you know, Lord, that other people do not get saved this way, according to their testimony, but I am going to take You at Your Word."

I have heard so many people at their altar service say, "Take it by faith; pray just a little harder, it will come petty soon." O my friends, I cannot bear that; it goes against the Word of God, for Jesus said, "It is finished." And if I had waited until I had "feeling" I would have been in hell tonight. Friends, I cannot stand that, but since I have risked my reputation as an evangelist; since I have said, "I am taking You at Your Word," friends, there has been the sweetest kind of peace in my heart. It is

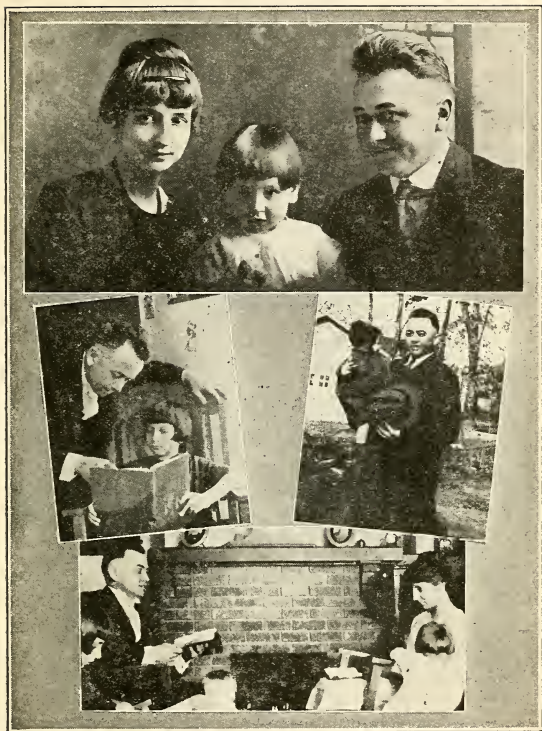
the rankest unbelief to doubt God, and not pay any attention to His Word. That's the light, friends, I followed at the time of my baptism with the Holy Ghost. That is the light I followed when I opened up the work in the Tabernacle over on Winter Street, and upon which this building was built right here, for Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." That is the deep, underlying principle.

Now I am not against visions and feelings. Everybody has a right to shout, and I sometimes do. I feel like the old colored preacher when he said, "I don't care how loud you shout, or how high you jump, just so you walk straight when you light." If people believe in walking up and down the aisle and climbing poles, it is all right, but I have seen some kinds of that stuff I did not like. I remember some instances of this kind; some fellows who had grouchy dispositions, would lose their temper and spank their wives occasionally. That, friends, is not salvation; it is a great big pile of hypocrisy. What we need today is salvation in the heart, and those who will live with Jesus three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, God is going to bless in a definite way.

So on the 7th day of June, 1907, I was saved. You ask, "How do you know you were saved?" Because friends, God said so. "Well," you ask, "how did you feel?" I will tell you what I told some of the folks down in the Assembly Room the other morning, "It is none of your business." You say, "I want to know, so I can know when I am saved." That's why I don't want to tell you; if you are going to look for "feeling," you are going to become only a "feeling Christian." Thousands of people in the

world are only "feeling Christians". Salvation is not based on "feeling," but it is based upon the eternal facts of God's Word. If a man tells you that at ten o'clock tomorrow he will meet you at a certain place, it would be foolish for you to say, "I don't believe it, because I do not have any 'feeling' that he will do it."

If you believe God, and go all the way with God, you will see for yourself what the results are going to be. A real, concrete, positive assurance that God is going to save and heal today does not come by feeling, but by taking God at His Word. When God says it, you can risk your last dollar on what God says. Every man or woman who has ever done anything worth while has taken God at His Word. Take Martin Luther for instance; as he was climbing the stairs, he believed God's Word, "The just shall live by faith," and he arose believing God's Word. What was it? It is the Word of God. The thing that shook the New England states in the days of Charles Finney was not because he was an orator or could tell funny stories, but because he took the plain Word of God, and in that lies the power of Jesus Christ. I sometimes hear testimonies here. One thing that a dear old preacher said as he passed through here was this: "I got in touch with your work, and I find that people do not come here because of anything spectacular, or because of anything amusing, or entertaining, but they come for one thing and that is the Word of God. You can pull off something that people never heard of, but the Word of God, and that alone will satisfy in this age. And if not, I will not put up any baseball diamond, or pool room, swimming pool, or anything else. If the Word of God does not draw a crowd, nothing else will. The Word is the



Mr. and Mrs. Rediger and children, Rhoda, Romaine and Arvilla.
(This group of pictures was arranged by Mr. Rediger himself for
his Life Story.)

“power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth.”

Well, the Lord came into my life at that time, and was sweet to me. It was cultivating time, and sometimes when the team would be warm and tired, I would let them rest, and I would get down on the ground—not to pray—but just to talk to God. I do not remember that I ever asked one petition of God. You ask, “What did you do?” Well, when you went to see your girl, what did you do? You just sat there and talked and looked at each other, and pretty soon it was time to go home, and you were wishing it was next week so you could go back again. And that is the way it was with Jesus after I was converted; I just loved to talk to Him, and we had sweet fellowship together. That’s what I take to be the “first love.” You fall in love with Him. It is not in saying, “Now Lord, you do this for me, and I will do that for you,” but it is the holy matrimony of God. It is the one thing that will keep you when everything else fails; that is the love of Jesus.

Time went on, I must tell you a few other instances. Mother was the only human friend in whom I would confide. Father is living, and I like to visit with him. He writes to me, and tells me that often in the night he gets up and prays for the work here. He has a real burden on his heart for this work, and even though he has never seen this Temple, he carries a deep conviction in his heart for the deeper truths of God’s Word that some church members never get. And I feel that it was father’s prayer that has given victory many times. But I never confided in father like I did in mother. In the ‘teen’ age when

problems would confront me, I would go to mother with them all.

Mother was much concerned that I should give my life over to the Lord, and one afternoon mother and I were out in the orchard, just a few weeks before she went to be with Jesus. I could take you to the very spot where she poured out her heart to God, and I said, "Mother, I will never leave your Christ." And it was there in that orchard I believe, my friends, that I received my ordination charge to the ministry. I am an ordained minister, ordained as men ordain, but I feel that I was ordained in the orchard alone with mother and God.

We had planned on taking a vacation. We had a number of relatives living around Woodburn, and we had a Studebaker car, an E. M. and F. They were making three different models at that time. We planned to leave home on the 27th day of August, but on the morning before, there was a balmy air, and the sun was coming up until it pulled its shadows under, closer and closer. I remember that mother came out of the house and walked out toward the barn and said she wondered whether we could not leave that afternoon. It was decided that we would leave that day, which was the 26th day of August, and I shall never forget how the last "good-bys" were spoken, for if we had known what would take place that day, how could we have left?

I will never forget how mother said "good-by" to my brother who is now out in California, a teacher there in the college at Berkeley. He was on the wagon, and I remember she climbed up on the hub of the wheel and he stooped down and kissed her and they said "good-by." At one o'clock we started out, driving very slowly; we

were taking our time for the roads were not then like they are now. There was no concrete; there were no roads marked like we have them today; but we had to pick our way until we finally came to the State road of Indiana. My little foster sister had been sleeping, and had just awakened to enjoy the ride. My parents had not adopted her, but they had taken her to raise. Mother had been having a severe headache, but I asked her how she was feeling and she answered "fine."

The sun was going down in the west when we came to the Big Four railroad crossing. As we approached, father stood up in the machine to look down the track to see if there was a train in sight. The way seemed clear. There was a field of corn near; also a curve in the railroad, which we did not know. Father was looking over that way, and I was looking the other. Father did not see the limited train as it was coming down from the rear, and as I looked the other way the track was clear. I started across the track, which was very bumpy, and just as the front wheels were on the track the engine died, and then crash! bang! the train had struck our machine.

Father and I were not hurt much. The car was strung along the track for several hundred feet. The gasoline tank had exploded and set fire to everything. Our first thought was, "Where is mother?" The grass had been cut along the tracks, and being dry, was now burning. Father and I ran down the track and got to mother's body. Every bit of her clothing was burned from her body, and she never moved. I ran into the fire on one side and father on the other. We took hold of her wrists and the skin was so badly burned that it stuck to my gloves. We pulled her out of the fire, but she never moved.

We went down a little farther and there was my little sister, (God bless her memory). She was not in the fire; it seemed she was not hurt. There was the sweetest smile on her face, upturned to heaven, but she never moved another muscle. We picked her up and placed her alongside of mother and went back to look for my little brother, who was about seven years old, and as we came along, he came from the fire. Evidently he had been knocked unconscious, but when the fire started to burn him he came to, and the first words he spoke were, "Where's mother." Friends, if ever a dagger went through my heart it was at that time. "How can I tell him that mother is dead," I thought, and just like God gave me the words, I said, "Mother has gone to be with Jesus." And friends, I will never forget how I was expecting him to scream, but he smiled so sweetly when I said, "She has gone to be with Jesus."

Mother and Clarence had often talked about how wonderful it must be to be with Jesus, and when his childish mind knew that she was with Jesus, he thought it must be wonderful for her to be there. By that time the train had backed up and they brought out stretchers and picked up mother and little sister and placed them on the train. They also placed little Clarence on board the train, for he had been hurt and had a gash on his leg. They took us to Sheldon, Illinois, for the night, but we did not sleep.

The next ordeal we passed through was when we went to the undertaker's, and if any of you have lost loved ones, you know what that means. And, as we go to the furniture store to buy new beds, just so we went to the undertaker's to buy two beds for mother and little sister for their last long sleep until Jesus Himself would awak-

en them at His coming. As father and the undertaker were walking along between the rows of caskets, I stooped down behind a casket and said, "O God, it cannot be true," but it was.

We had the caskets picked out, and in the morning we started home with the bodies. At the depot we were met by two hearses, and a large number of automobiles had gathered there. When we arrived home the bodies were carried into the front room of the home we had so recently left after saying "good-by". There is something connected with saying "good-by" that grips our hearts, but friends, I thank God a thousand times for a land where we will never say "good-by." Friends, the thought of it is marvelous and wonderful.

When we came back home the whole neighborhood turned out. It was a time when machines were not plentiful, but there were at least a hundred machines besides the two hearses that met us when we arrived. The caskets remained in the front room of the home for a few days. Friends brought in flowers, and sympathized with us all they could, but I want to tell you one thing; you can bring all the flowers you want to, and you may say all the nice things you want to in a time like that, but I want to tell you of an experience I had, and it may help you sometime when you are deep in trouble, or when you wish to comfort someone else in like circumstances. The morning before the funeral, I went into the room to have one last talk with mother before they should lay her away. I always told mother things I would not tell any one else. So I went in there and just began to talk to mother, and even though she did not answer me, I poured out my heart to her. While there, a dear old man came in and lift-

ed me up from the casket and said, "O don't take it so hard; you have your father yet, and it might have been a great deal worse." And somewhat indignant because he had disturbed my last visit with mother, I said rather sharply, "Yes, but she will never come back to me." And he, overcome by my addressing him so sharply, was taken back for a moment, but he said, "But you can go to be with her." I do not remember what that preacher said; I do not remember the songs they sang, but I do remember those words, "But you can go to be with her."

It is all right to give flowers when somebody dies, but let us get in the habit of giving flowers while they are living. When a loved one dies the friends are more interested in knowing where that loved one is; they want to get together again, and so it is better to help them into that way while they are still living. People say, "You will soon forget this trouble." Why, friends, I do not want to forget my mother; I have no intention of forgetting her, but I am looking for the time when Jesus will come and we will be reunited in that land where we will meet to part no more.

"Just a few more days, to be filled with praise,
And to tell the old, old story;
Then when twilight falls, and the Savior calls,
I shall be with Him in glory."

• Immediately after the funeral we came back to the farm house, unhitched the horses and went in to dinner; and now that the funeral was over, they could talk about other things; and I remember I went out in the grove near the orchard to be with God alone, and He spoke so sweetly to me. From that day mother was no

longer in the grave for me, but had gone up to be with Him, and O how my heart could sing—

“O the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me to come,
And our parting at the (railroad) I recall;
Through the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home,
But I long to see my Savior first of all.”

O it is wonderful when you can look up from your trials; when you can look up from the grave; look up to Jesus tonight and know that He will never leave you nor forsake you. How wonderful the second coming of Jesus is. This hope of His second coming will bring again the reuniting with the ones we once enjoyed, only to enjoy their presence in a greater way.

For almost two years father and myself and brother were alone on the farm a large part of the time. One noon when it came dinner time, I went into the house after having worked hard all morning, and I want to say right here that a lot of hard work and a lot of discipline is the best thing for any young man. I often wonder what kind of citizens the young men will make when they grow up in idleness and with no discipline. One noon after working hard all forenoon, I went in to get dinner, and I found little brother Clarence sitting on mother's arm-chair crying. I said, “What's the matter?” He said, “O I was just thinking of what good times I used to have with mother.” I called him out in the kitchen and talked to him about the time when we could all be together again. Thank God for that day when we can meet our loved ones once more, never to part again.

About that time two years later, something happened

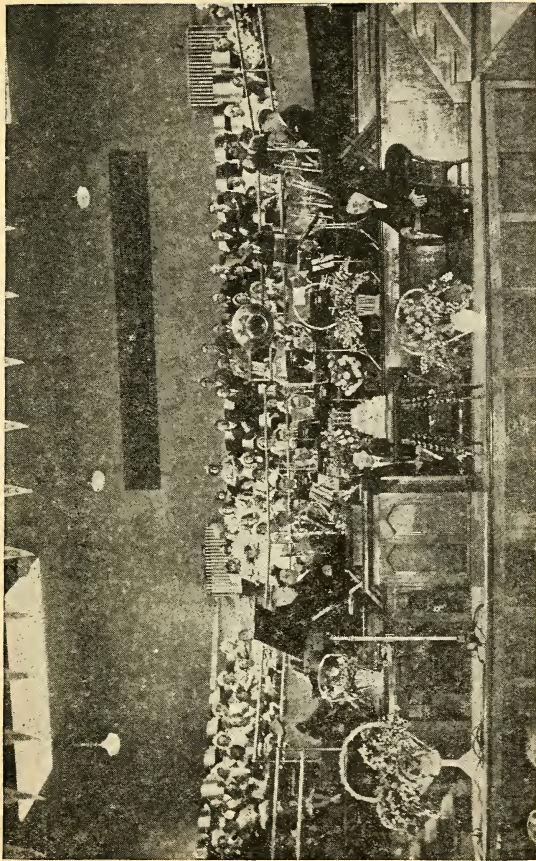
that brought joy to my soul and help in the ministry, and that was that God gave me the best wife in the world. She was a school teacher out in Illinois. I cannot tell you everything; I must skip some things, for some of you young men do not want any pointers any way. I remember one Sunday evening, the sun had just gone down in beautiful rose colored clouds in the west; the smell of the perfume of flowers was in the breeze; I asked Edith Edna Rich a question; I will not tell you what it was. We were facing the north, and I did not know if she was day-dreaming, but she was looking away up somewhere. Finally she turned her head and said something, and I knew that she was mine, and I knew that the Lord gave me a comfort after the death of my mother. We read in the Bible that Isaac married Rebecca and was comforted after the death of his mother.

The greatest thing that can come to any Christian man is a Christian girl. And the greatest thing that can come to any one is a helpmeet that knows the Lord. It is said that when man climbs high on the ladder, it is invariably a woman holding it. I want to say this without exaggeration that I believe God has given me my wife. We just fit together. Not that we have the same talents at all; we are extremely opposite in some things, because when I get started to talking in public I can't quit; and she has never yet gotten started; but when it comes to real important moves in the work of my ministry, Mrs. Rediger has always been the chief one in the move. When it came to buying the Tabernacle on Winter St., I would never have bought it if she had objected in the least. I said, "What will my family do, if I should die or be killed?" But she knew it was God calling, and she insisted

that I go ahead with it. If she would have dropped one remark that it was best not to buy it, I would never have bought it. And when I was in the evangelistic work, hard as it was for her, not once did she ever hinder me. It was no small task for her to be left alone so much, but she never complained.

One instance I want to relate to you. I had promised to take a meeting some distance away from home. One evening before the two little girlies went to bed I said "good-by" to them as they cried and clung to my neck. They said, "Daddy, I don't want you to go; why don't you stay home?" And I explained to them that if I went, other little girls' daddies would be saved, and so under those conditions they went off to bed. The next morning Mrs. Rediger and I arose early, ate our breakfast together, and had worship together, reading the 121st Psalm. Whenever I would leave home we would always read that Psalm together and pray together.

Just before I left I found I had forgotten to get my watch—you know, I have the same habit yet—and Mrs. Rediger walked back into the house and got it for me, and as she handed it to me she turned quickly away, but not before I saw the tears which she brushed quickly away. The devil said, "You are a fool. All around there is no other light in the house; you are leaving your family all alone; you are a fool; what good is there in it any way." And I had such a struggle in my heart as I went on my way. I thought, "I love my wife and children, and it may be that I am a fool;" and it seemed God spoke this verse to me, "Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye



Just before a typical Temple service, Choir and band in the background of the choir loft, B. E. Rediger on the right. This picture was taken on the 4th Anniversary of this work, showing the cake with its four candles to the right of the pulpit and the microphone for the broadcasting of the services to the left of the pulpit.

know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." (I Cor. 15:58.)

I went out to those meetings; I had quite a number of conversions, and the last night of the meeting, people just streamed to the altar. Children were converted that night; they called their parents over long distance and told them about it. It was really worth while to make the sacrifice.

I would like to tell you little more about my call to the ministry, but my time is up. I will only say this: There was an irresistible drawing which I could not down. Mrs. Rediger said, "If the Lord wants you to preach the Gospel, He will lead out. And so I entered into the work in my own congregation where mother first took me. I preached my first sermon near the spot where grandfather had often preached before. The congregation at that place gave a unanimous vote that I become assistant pastor. The first sermon I preached was from the text, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

And then after a while an irresistible longing came into my heart to open up in neglected fields. A lot of folks thought it was not the thing to do. They said, "You have a fine congregation here; now why don't you stay?" But it was always the other fellow that interested me—the one who was not yet saved. So I started out to open up work in neglected districts, and that irresistible something is still working in my heart tonight. Much as I appreciate this place and the fine audiences, with new people coming in all the time and the radio broadcasts, yet there is something in my heart that seems to push me out more and more.

I wish I had more time to tell you more about these neglected places, and the call to Fort Wayne, but will just say this one thing. After I had been preaching a short time I wanted to push out. I did not know anything about Ft. Wayne. I did not know one street in the city, and only one person but one night the Lord definitely showed me I was in Fort Wayne working for Him. I did not know what to think, but the next morning there was a peace in my heart that I have never known before.

I pray the Lord will bless this life story to every one who reads it. May God bless you all. I want to say further, that if you have loved ones who are unsaved, taken them to the Lord in prayer, for the Lord will surely bring them. God will never fail you.

"THE ONE AMONG YOU WHOM YE KNOW NOT"

Sermon Preached from the Pulpit in the Auditorium of the Temple,
Stenographically Reported, and Broadcasted over WOWO,
Sunday Afternoon, November 15, 1931.

By Rev. B. E. Rediger

His last Sunday afternoon in the Temple

I shall speak this afternoon upon the subject of "The One Among You Whom Ye Know Not." We read over in the first chapter of the Gospel according to John, "I baptize with water: but there standeth one among you, whom ye know not." John the Baptist was taking people down to the river Jordan and burying them there by baptism unto death, but he very definitely announced that there was One that was right there in their ranks that they did not know. "He" said John, in the 33rd verse, "is he which baptizes with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

There is one thing that has always been a great hindrance to God in doing the things that He would want to do. A lot of people pray, "God, help me to do this; God, help me to do that," when the fact of the matter is, God has already got His program outlined; and that He has His plan down, black on white. And so far as we are concerned, God would use us in His great program, if we will only permit Him to do so.

Now we read one very grievous thing back in Exodus 17:7, where the Israelites had started out on their great journey through the wilderness; they came into Rephidim,

and there was no water there. They murmured; they did the thing which the carnal heart will naturally do; they began to complain against God and against everybody that was following God. And they said this—they asked this particular question, which was a stench in the nostrils of God. This is the question: "Is the Lord among us?"

Jesus said before He went away, in that marvelous 15th chapter of John, "Without me ye can do nothing." The Lord very definitely wanted to impress His people with the fact that if *He* does not do it, it is not done at all; that all that man can ever study out, or all the wisdom that man has from a natural standpoint, does not amount to two cents compared with the wonderful things that God will do through the power of the Holy Ghost, when we are fully resigned in His hands. This great sin of the Israelites lay in the fact that they did not recognize the One that was among them. John the Baptist said, "There standeth one among you whom ye know not; He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." He'll put the supernatural "go-through" within your heart that will help you to live a Christian life every day in the year.

Now the Israelites came into a time of trouble; circumstances were against them; there was no water around. They had their flocks, their children, and their families, and necessarily they must have water. They asked the question, "Is the Lord among us?" God has always been among His people in a very marvelous way. In the Old Testament in a different manner than what He is with us today; and He is with us today in a greater measure than He was with the people when our Lord was down here

in the world in person. Now it is always the presence of God that puts the "go-through" into it, and causes men and women to fall for it.

Take for instance in the day of Christ, we read that again and again our Lord absented Himself; He went out into some solitary place to rest, but before He had gotten there, the great multitude had outrun Him and came to meet Him on the other side of the sea. The same thing was true on the day of Pentecost; when Peter began to preach, he had a multitude of thousands of people before him, because the Holy Ghost had come and put the supernatural within. For ages man has been experimenting; we have been making old things over new, but friends, we have not yet improved upon the plan of God. We admire the electric lights which we have today, at our fingers' tips, when we press a button and the entire building is illuminated. It is a great improvement over the tallow candles, that our grandfathers used. But, my friends, there is no electric light that has yet been invented that can compete with the sun that God has set in the heavens.

Now the wisdom of man has done a great deal. We know that brilliant minds have accomplished some wonderful things. We know that in the laboratories, and in the different halls of science men have made some marvelous strides in research work, but God Almighty's plan is so far ahead of all that man has yet invented, for God declares, "As high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are God's ways above our ways, and his thoughts above our thoughts." We become tired of human beings; I do, and I'm sure you do. If you go to hear one man talk from day to day, and from hour to hour, he soon becomes very dry and very stale. The most brilliant mind cannot

satisfy the clamor of the crowd. But I want to tell you friends, that the story of Jesus that comes from the power of the Holy Ghost will satisfy every heart.

I am thinking of that particular day, when Moses and the Israelites came down to Kadesh-Barnea. The Lord told them, "The land is before you; go up and possess the land." The Israelites came before Moses and said: "Now here, we have twelve men before us;" and all twelve of these men—that is, their Hebrew names—denoted earthly wisdom. And the people came before Moses and said, "Now that's mighty fine; God has given us this great land, and we don't doubt a bit but what it is all right, and we believe you are absolutely honest, or you could not have been with us all this while, and kept our confidence like you have, but in order to make this thing perfectly sure, let us send these twelve men; they are wise; they are not the average men at all; they are men that are capable of thinking for themselves; they are men who come from families of high standard. Let us send these twelve men out and spy out the land, and see whether it is altogether all right or not." Then we read, "The thing pleased Moses well."

Then listen, friends, to these ten men who were supposed to be naturally wise; who, no doubt, were graduates from the universities of Egypt; these men of good moral standing. They came back, and ten of them has this message: "The land is wonderful; the fruit of it is great, but, alas, giants are in the land, and we seemed like grasshoppers in their sight. And that's the way we thought of ourselves; we thought we were like grasshoppers compared with the giants in the land." Think of it. Earthly wisdom and might backing down; they were "grasshopper

men." That's the trouble with too many Christians today; we are "grasshopper men." We say, "No, we can't, we can't; this program is so big; Oh, we can't do this, and we can't push out with the Gospel." Hallelujah; Glory to God, friends, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Absolutely.

Two men, Joshua and Caleb, were the only two of the twelve whose names have been immortalized. We have forgotten the other ten. There is not a man or woman here this afternoon who can tell me the names of those other ten men right off. Why? Well, they've been dropped because of unbelief; that's all. Joshua and Caleb wanted the people to go; they said, "If God delight in us, then we are well able to possess the land." That's heavenly wisdom; that's the wisdom that comes through the Holy Ghost. The other ten had the wisdom that had its origin from earthly places.

This was the wisdom of God that Joshua and Caleb had; and that is the wisdom, because, friends, we are children of the Heavenly King. We are endowed with heavenly power; we are in touch with another world. Our resources do not depend upon earthly things; we have anchored to that "within the veil". O thank God for the glorious hope of the Christian.

Right here is where the Israelites failed. Moses went before God and talked with Him, and the Lord said, "Go on back into the wilderness." He said, "I will not go up before you now." And when the Israelites saw the terrible mistake they had made because of their unbelief, they said, "Let's go up; let's go up; come on, let's go up and drive them out." But Moses said, "Don't you go." "Why?" "If you go now, God will not go with you."

"It's a terrible thing to go any place without God. It's a *terrible thing*, friends, to go any place if God does not go along with you. It's a *terrible thing*, friends, to venture out some place if you are not sure of your step.

If you are not sure you are going with God, you had better stop this afternoon and say, "Lord, am I on the right track?" As you do sometimes, and especially as you used to do, before the roads were so well marked and before there were so many concrete roads. You would drive along in one direction and finally you would say: "I believe I am on the wrong road." Did you keep going on and on? No, you just stopped and began to inquire; you began to find out whether it was the right trail or not.

So this afternoon my brother, the only thing that you and I need to be worried about is whether we are on the right track or not. So far as circumstances are concerned, and world conditions, there is absolutely no difference with God. The big thing is to be in the center of God's will. Moses told them, "Don't you go up." Now they had refused to obey God. God said, "I am not going with you." They said, "We want to go." Like a spoiled child, always contrary, they started to go up. Moses said, "Know of a surety that God is not going with you." Do you remember what happened? They were driven back—killed. On back into the wilderness they wandered for forty years, *because God was not with them.*

Now the big thought this afternoon, my brethren, is this: We must have God in our midst. If we have God in our midst, we don't need to be afraid. Why, David says, "God is our refuge and strength; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the seas." Praise

God! There is a Christ who lives forever, and a million years after the stars have gone out, and the sun has turned black, and the moon into blood, He still will be God, "from everlasting to everlasting".

Now then the question that I want to come to is this: Is God amongst us this afternoon? Is God on earth today? Or, has He taken a vacation? Has He left His people without a witness? Has the day come that God has withdrawn? Gone some place on a holiday vacation, and planned to finally take up His activities with His people? Or, is God amongst us right now? There is a question that we must settle wholly from the Bible. We dare not believe the natural wisdom of men, because, friends, that has failed every time, throughout the Word of God. Only those who utterly depended upon God were successful, whether they were educated or ignorant; they were completely defeated unless they fully trusted God.

Friends, I say it without an exception, that no matter whether a person is educated or ignorant, he is a complete failure in the sight of God unless he is wholly dominated by the power of the Holy Ghost. So we want to know this afternoon whether we can rightfully expect God to manifest Himself in our midst today, and if so, how?

Now the Lord very definitely told His disciples that they should tarry in Jerusalem until they would be endowed with power from on high; that is, He said they should tarry for the promise of the Father, and the promise of the Father was this: The Father had promised the Son, that He would send the Holy Ghost as soon as our Lord would ascend to the right hand of God the Father. After the Lord had gone up, the followers of the Lord very definitely waited for the promise of the Father. Finally He

came, on the day of Pentecost. He came as a direct fulfillment of what the Lord had spoken in the book of Joel, as well as the words of our Lord, before He ascended to heaven. He said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age." God wants His people to know that the Holy Ghost is to be in the world, throughout the Church age. We are living in the Church age today.

Then, what can we expect of the Holy Ghost? The first thing, my friends, the Lord tells us over in the 8th chapter of Romans, the 26th verse, "Likewise, the Spirit helpeth our infirmities; for we do not know what to pray for as we ought, but the Holy Spirit himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." So, without the Holy Ghost I cannot pray with power. That is, unless the Holy Spirit has embodied Himself in my life, I cannot pray effectively. I can pray—sure I can pray—but I can pray only according to my wisdom. But as soon as the Holy Ghost has taken full possession of every fiber of my being, then it is no longer I that pray, but the Holy Ghost within me.

Now which is the better of the two? That I pray, or that the Holy Ghost prays? Let us see for a moment. I can judge human beings as they walk before me, as I have personal dealings with them; but the Holy Ghost knows the very intent of their heart. Now if that is true, that God knows what a man is thinking of, and what a man has within his heart, He knows exactly how to meet that person so as to offset the plans of the devil, and to bring that person out into the very center of God's will. That is the object of every individual that becomes a Christian. Every person that has been genuinely converted wants to see other people saved

also; and the great objective of the prayer of God's people is that other people might have their eyes opened. The apostle Paul realized this; he said very definitely that God had anointed him to preach, "and to make all men see".

Then in order to make men see, the Holy Ghost must reveal Himself to them. Take for instance, here is an unsaved boy; here's a girl that rejects the Christ of her mother; here is a husband who absolutely refuses to have anything to do with the Christ of his wife; or the wife refuses to have anything to do with the Lord of her husband; or the same thing with children and parents; or parents with children. Now the Lord said this before He left: "When the Holy Ghost is come, He will reprove the world of sin." The Holy Ghost will come within the heart and show that individual that he is doing wrong. The Holy Ghost will get hold of that person's heart. This was illustrated in the following incident:

There was a maiden lady who was working for some folks, and she had gone down to a revival meeting and given her heart to the Lord; she was so deeply impressed with salvation and what it meant *not* to be saved, that she immediately started to pray for her mistress. One evening they had a little prayer service around the altar before they dismissed, and this girl knelt there in prayer; she had not been raised as a Christian girl; she did not know exactly how to pray, but she knelt there at the altar, and she prayed like this: "O Lord, my mistress has been so good to me; won't you save her?" That's all she could say. "O Lord, my mistress has been so good to me; won't you save her?" She went home and prayed; she came back to Church the next day, and prayed the same prayer. Day

after day she prayed those few words, "O Lord, my mistress has been so good to me, won't you save her?"

After a number of days had rolled around, one midnight this mistress was awakened with a start; a terrible realization of her own standing before God came before her eyes. She awakened her husband; she said, "Won't you please go out right away and call for some Christian person to show me how to become a Christian? I'm lost; I must be saved." The husband thought she had had a bad dream, and was frightened; he encouraged her and persuaded her that she was all right; that she was not such a bad woman; that she was a good honest wife, and after all she was just as good as any church member, and she had better go on and sleep, and in the morning she would feel all right, but she looked at him with a startled look, and said, "John, I'm unsaved; if I should die tonight I would be lost throughout eternity. I must get right with God *tonight*; won't you go out and get somebody to show me the way to God?"

Finally, when the husband saw that she would not be satisfied with anything less, he got ready to go out. He was ashamed. Why? When folks need bread they are not ashamed to go to the grocery store; when they need gasoline for their automobile, they are not ashamed to drive into a filling station. Then when you need God, why should men be ashamed to go to God? That man was ashamed to go out in that hour of the night to ask some one to pray for his wife. Finally when he was ready to go, a happy thought struck his mind. He said, "Wife, don't you remember that our maid has been going down to what they call a revival meeting, and I believe she got religion. Why not go and awaken her?"

Quickly he and his wife got ready to go down the hall and rap at the maid's door and awaken her; but that was unnecessary, for the maid was still awake at that hour of the night. When they came to the door, they heard her pray, "O Lord, my mistress has been so good to me, won't you save her?" With a cry and a bound the mistress threw open the door. She said, "Yes, yes, Mary, yes, here I am"; and there down upon their knees the maid led her mistress to the Christ of the Bible all because the Holy Ghost had awakened that wife's heart. He had taken the sleep away, and put a consciousness within her heart that she was without God and without hope in the world, and as a result of it, she gave her heart to God. Folks, that maid could have talked, and talked, and talked to that mistress, and undoubtedly the mistress would be unsaved today; but because the Holy Ghost *can and will* talk in a way that nobody else will, that's the reason she was converted.

My friends, the Holy Ghost will go into offices where you and I could never be admitted. There is a sign on the office door, "Private." You go over there to the entrance, "No, the manager is busy; he's in conference." He cannot hear you talk to him about God; but friends, the Holy Ghost, without a rap, without a key; without any disturbance whatever, will come there and He talks to that manager until his heart becomes troubled; until he realizes his standing before God; until he does what the superintendent of that factory over in the New England states did the time when Finney came in; he gave the signal to stop; "for," he said, "it is more important that men attend to their soul's salvation than that work should go on in the factory."

Friends, that's the Holy Ghost. I want to tell you

if the Holy Ghost does not convict men, you and I might as well shut this building up; and stop broadcasting the Gospel. If God Almighty does not show people that they are lost without God, all of my words and all of your words will never amount to anything. Unless the Holy Ghost convinces men, there's no hope. That's what the blasphemy of the Holy Ghost is. I may differ with some people there, but I want to say, friends, that the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost is simply this: The Holy Spirit offers you salvation; you reject it; you turn your back on the Holy Ghost. Friends, the only damnable sin is unbelief. If you and I refuse to do business with the Holy Ghost, we are doomed, that's all. If I refuse to take hold of the life line that is thrown out to me as I am going out over the rapids, I am doomed. Why? Because I refuse the only hope that is offered.

My brother and sister, the Holy Ghost is going to save you, or you are not going to be saved at all. You say, "Well, Mr. Rediger, I'm afraid. I'm afraid I've done something that the Holy Ghost will not forgive me." I've told you before, friends, that that is not the blaspheming of the Holy Ghost—never in the world. The blaspheming of the Holy Ghost is simply your insisting that He is an impostor, and if you continue rejecting Him, He can do nothing for you. The Lord says, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud, your transgressions; and as a cloud, your sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee."

My friends, as a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I am here to tell you this afternoon that God Almighty is here to convince the world of sin. And He uses the instrumentality of human beings, and if I put forth the Gospel

24 hours out of a day, God has something to work on. God does not save souls by Himself. The Lord is a partner with the human race. Why, so emphatically has the apostle Paul declared it, that in the 5th chapter of II Corinthians he says he has "committed unto us the ministry of reconciliation".

So here we are with the Holy Ghost this afternoon right down here in our midst. And "today if you *will* hear his voice, harden not your hearts." I used to read this verse wrong, when I was a boy, and had the wrong impression concerning the Word of God. I used to read it like this: "Today, if any man hear his voice, harden not your heart." But God has that little word "will" in there. God has placed the emphasis upon "W-I-L-L"—"Whosoever will." Now here's the Holy Ghost, who is bound by the Word of God to convince the world of sin, and I believe He'll do it. If you do not have a consciousness of sin this afternoon, and a consciousness within your heart that you are lost; if you have never taken Christ as your Savior I want to tell you that the Holy Ghost *will* give you a consciousness of your unsaved condition, if you want Him to.

I was holding meetings one time in an eastern city; there was a father and a mother with their children standing at the main entrance of the building. As I was leaving—most of the folks had already gone—I walked up to them and shook hands with them. I said to the man, "Brother, wouldn't you like to give your heart to God?" and he said, "Yes." I turned to his wife and she said, "Yes." And I turned to the children and they said "Yes, we all want to be Christians." So I said, "Let's go down to the altar there and come the right way, for the Lord says, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us

our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' ” And so we came down to the altar together, those children, the mother and the father. I knelt over to the side and we all prayed. They asked God to forgive and save them.

Directly the husband and father looked up at me, and with such honest eyes, this is what he said: “Mr. Rediger, I’ve always lived a good, clean life; I have always treated my neighbors good; I have never mistreated my wife or children; what do I lack?” He was honest; he didn’t see why he needed a Savior. Friends, in that tense hour; in that moment while the angels were hovering near, waiting to see what the outcome would be, I turned over into my Bible, into the book of Isaiah where we read: “We are *all* as an unclean thing; *all* of our righteousnesses are as filthy rags before God.” That was enough; the Holy Spirit took that word—not my word; I didn’t tell him anything at all; I simply read from God’s Word. He dropped his head for one moment; he arose from his knees, took my hand, then took his wife and children and went home.

The next night we had a testimony meeting; he was one of the first men who got up to give his testimony; this is what he said: “Friends, for some years I have been farming, and I had an old binder.” He said, “The thing had been failing for some time; I had to get new canvas; I got new chains; new sprocket wheels; a new sickle driver. In fact, I had to be getting something new all the time.” He said, “This past year I took that old binder and pulled it out to the side, and I went to town and bought a new one.” Then he said, “That’s what I did last night; I got a new heart; I was made over new.” Friends, it was the Holy Ghost that showed that man that he was lost.

And the Holy Ghost was there to show that man that Jesus Christ was the All-sufficient One.

“At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away.
It was there by faith, I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away.
It was there by faith, I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.”

My friends, that same truth holds good today. “There standeth one among you whom ye know not; he will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.” “There standeth one among you whom ye know not;” He will heal your body. “There standeth one among you whom ye know not;” He will fill you with His precious presence. “There standeth one among you whom ye know not,” who will help you out of your predicament you are in. If you are out of a job; if you are out of employment, and you don’t know what is going to take place next; my friend, “There standeth one among you whom ye know not.” He is the One that feeds the birds of the air, and He said, “Ye are of more value than many sparrows.” “There standeth one among you this afternoon whom ye

know not," my dear sick brother; my dear sick sister. "There standeth one among you" this afternoon Who will heal that body of yours; Who will come into your life; Who will make things new, until the very earth will seem to redound with the praises of God. Why? Because of the unseen presence of God.

Furthermore, my friends, I want to tell you that He is here this afternoon; He is right here. He said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there I am in their midst." God is here; do you want to become a Christian? Do you want to give your heart to God? Do you want the baptism of the Holy Ghost in your life, that you can go out and be a conqueror? Do you want to be an overcomer in life, my friend? Listen, "There standeth one among you" this afternoon. He is here; He's here. The very atmosphere is charged, and I'll miss my guess if the Radio audience does not feel the thrill—the vibrations of His presence—in their midst.

My friends, He's here to heal that body of yours, no matter what your trouble is. "O," you say, "Mr. Rediger, I've been sick for *so* long." Listen, there was a woman bowed together for eighteen years, but Christ was in the midst. The Holy Ghost is in our midst. He came to the woman and He said, "Woman, thou art loosed of thine infirmities." And the Holy Ghost will say that same thing to your heart this afternoon. "You are loosed; you are *loosed*; you are **LOOSED**." Immediately He touched the woman, and she was straightened out.

When the ruler of the synagogue began to find fault, our Lord revealed a wonderful truth. He said, "This woman is a daughter of Abraham; she's a child of God, and the devil has *no right* on her body." That's what the Savior

meant. "Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound these eighteen years, to be loosed of her infirmities?" My brother and sister, the long standing cases are no barrier to my Christ. The extent of your sickness means nothing to God. The whole thing lies in these four letters—W-I-L-L—"will".

There was the man at the pool of Bethesda; he had been carried there, suffering for thirty-eight years. The Lord came along and said, "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Wilt thou?" My brother, it is not a question whether God is here this afternoon or not, because that is already settled; *He is here*. The whole question lies in this: "Wilt thou be?" The success of Charles G. Finney, that great revivalist of his day, after he had been baptized with the Holy Ghost, lay in this wonderful truth that God Almighty laid upon his heart; and that was that everybody can be saved right now; and that they do not need to wait until tomorrow, or the next day, but *today*. Oh, I would to God that a million people this afternoon would "will" to be saved; would "WILL" to be baptized with the Holy Ghost; would "*will*" to be healed in their body, for God is here, and God is everywhere.

Our gracious Lord, we are bowing our heads before Thee at the close of this little hour. Our hearts and minds have been stirred by Thy presence; Blessed God, our very being has been thrilled by the power of the Holy Spirit. We thank Thee that Thou art here. Blessed God, we praise Thee that Thou hast said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." If we come to Thee, Thou wilt forgive every sin; we thank Thee that Thou wilt heal every disease; we thank Thee that Thou wilt baptize with the Holy Ghost that person who will present that body "a

living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God." Just now, blessed God, as we gather around the altar, we know that Thou art here to forgive every sin, to heal every disease, and to fill with the Holy Spirit, in Jesus' name. Amen.

My friends, with our heads all bowed in the presence of God this afternoon, I wonder how many there are here that will get right up from your place and meet me at the altar just now. I wonder how many this afternoon have a definite need. Some way or other, get right up, and meet me here at the altar. Will you do that just now? No matter where you are; no matter who you are; if you want to come, while we wait for just a moment in the quietness of God. God knows your heart; God bless you, friends.

We are all going to stand, and friends, no matter where you are, or what your name is, or what your need may be, just come right now. The great I AM is here this afternoon. We'll all stand, and everybody, no matter what your need is, just come right now and meet me here.

Altar Call—Many came.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING IN THIS GENERATION

Open and Closed Doors

By Rev. B. E. Rediger

Sermon Preached from the Pulpit in the Auditorium of the Temple,
and Stenographically Reported, Sunday Evening, Nov. 15, 1931

(His Last Sunday Night at the Temple)

Our Heavenly Father, as we are coming before Thee we pray Thou wilt give us the very message that is needed tonight; Thou knowest these precious folks here; Thou knowest the cry of their hearts. Precious Lord Jesus, it is our only ambition that they might hear the thing Thou wouldst have them to know. Lord, give us the very words that are needed tonight; take away from our minds anything which we would like to say that would not be in accord with Thy will, that every one here tonight might definitely feel refreshed with the program of God and their own relationship with Thee. We definitely commit this entire service to Thee, in Jesus' name. Amen.

The subject tonight is "Christ's Second Coming in This Generation." The definite topic that I wish to speak upon is "Open and Closed Doors." A very wide subject it is, and my prayer is to God that He would give me just the very words that He would have me to say this evening. The Lord, in several places in the Word of God, speaks about a "door", and He speaks about a "door" in several different ways.

The first application I want to take from the 11th and 12th verses of the first chapter of the Gospel according to

John: "He came unto his own"—speaking definitely about Christ—"and his own received him not." A terrible thing; a sad record. "He came unto his own." Well, who do you mean by "his own"? The Scripture means by "his own" He came unto His own people; those with whom He was acquainted, and finally came so close, until we read in the 7th chapter of John, "Neither did his own brothers believe on him." "He came unto his own and his own received him not, but as many as received him, to them gave he the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."

Now in connection with this, I wish to read one verse from John 10:9: "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." In the first verse the Lord likened the heart as having a door that you and I have the power to open. In this second verse we read where Jesus says, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, *he shall be saved.*" That's the first promise. The second promise is, "shall go in and out, and find pasture."

Now Jesus says, "I am the door." He said, "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Man's heart is so fixed that we are trying to get in. I don't care who the man is; he may be an atheist, but he's trying to get in. He may not admit it, but he's very apt to prove it. There is not an individual in all the world who does not try to get in. Everybody—I don't care how blatant a man boasts to be, or how deep in heathenism he may have been lost, he is unconsciously trying to get in. The Lord says, "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

We know the African has one way by which he tries

to get in; he has his gods; he has his idols; he has his witch doctors. He's trying to *get in*. Ever since Cain tried to get in some other way by an offering that God was not pleased with, man has been trying to get in from another standpoint. The people in China tonight are trying to get in by offering their children as a sacrifice. The Hindus are torturing themselves, lying upon beds of spikes, and in many other ways are tormenting themselves, trying to get in. But the Lord says, "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

There is a parable that the Lord spoke, something like this: There was a man made a *great* wedding feast, and they had gone out to bid them to come in to the great feast. While they were surrounding the table, this ruler—this king—came in to view the guests, and he saw one there that did not have the wedding garment on. He said, "Friend, how did you come in here?" Do you know what that friend said? He said just what this great congregation is saying right now; he was silent—perfectly quiet. The king said, "Friend, how camest thou in here?" and he had nothing to answer. Do you know what the verdict was? Jesus, in giving that great parable said, "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." Well, what's it all about? He *did not* come in by the door, that's all.

It was the Oriental custom at a wedding feast of that kind for the porter to stand by the door; he would have the garments there for everybody that came to the feast. Just as they came to the door he slipped on that wedding garment, and the person passed in with the wedding garment on. It made no difference if he was poorly clad, or clad as a millionaire. All this was covered up in the

wedding garment. If he had rags on, people could not see the rags; if he was clothed in silk, it was absolutely hidden. No one could display his own clothing.

That is exactly true concerning our salvation. The Lord Jesus says He is the door, and as we come to Him, He gives us the robe of righteousness. I come to Him clothed in rags; I'm down and out; I come from the gutter; I've been out drinking; my life has become an empty void, but I come to Christ as a poor lost sinner, and He forgives me and clothes me with salvation. And the Lord says my sins and my iniquity will be remembered against me no more; and I am made heir of salvation and I'm coming in with a robe of righteousness—*not my goodness*, but Christ's goodness.

And that same thing is true with a wealthy person. Here comes a person who has always lived right; here comes a person who has never made a crooked step so far as the world may know; that person has no police record; he has never stolen; he has always lived right, but he comes in by the door, and Jesus puts on that robe of righteousness, and all of our good works, all of our righteousness is covered up by the robe of righteousness that Jesus Christ gives us. Now that is salvation, friends. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Then over in Revelation, the 3rd chapter, the 20th verse: "Behold," said Jesus out on the Isle of Patmos, "I stand at the door and knock." Here the Lord now is turning this wonderful application in such a way that the door becomes the entrance to our own individual life. The knob of the door—or the lock—is on the inside; it is a

door that can only be opened from your standpoint. The Lord says here, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man will open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me." Now here the Lord very definitely places all the responsibility of salvation upon the human being. Friends, the Lord has been very definite with that. The apostles' writings are clear cut, and my brother and sister, wherever there has been a genuine revival, the message has *always* placed the responsibility of salvation upon the individual self.

It says here, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man *will open the door*;—"—if any man WILL—He does not say, "if any man has lived a good life." He does not say, "if any man has been a wicked person." He disregards, *altogether*, the moral aspect of the person himself. And He says, "if any man *will open the door*." The question, my brother, is not how you and I have *lived*, but it's what we are going to do with the "door"? "He came unto his own, and *his own*—" left Him on the outside. "He came unto his own, and his own received him *not*, but as many as received him—" that is, as many as opened the door—"to them gave he the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on his name." My brother and sister, it remains for you to open the door. No man on earth *can* open your door for you. Nobody has control of the lock but you, yourself. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

God is knocking at your heart's door tonight, whether *you know it* or not; whether *you feel it* or not; whether *you are conscious* of the fact or not. I want to tell you, my brother, that the "lowly man of sorrows"

whose hands were pierced; whose feet have been driven through with the spikes; whose brow was bleeding, and whose side was riven, is standing at *your* heart's door and He wants to come in. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man *will*; if *any man will*." My brother, never say again, "It's not for *me*."

My brother, I care not whether you are clothed in rags and filth; it makes no difference with God; He says, "if any man *will*." And by saying "man" He means "woman", He means "child". He simply uses the word "man" throughout the Bible to designate an individual. "If any man *will open the door*." He says, "I'll come in; *I'LL* come in." My brother, it's not a question whether God will come in or not; He has already bound Himself by an oath, that He *will* come, if any man *will* open the door. "*I will come in, and I will sup with him* and he with me." Think of it, friends, Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, will come and dine with me, and sup with me. "If any man *will* open the door, *I will* come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."

In this particular passage of John here that I have just read He says, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." Notice, "*he shall be saved*." Will you enter? Will you open the door? That's the question. He says, "he shall be saved". It does not say if you enter in, and if you happen to feel that way. My brother and sister, nowhere in the Bible does God put a prize on "feeling". The thing that the human race needs, is to know the Book—the promise of God—and *take God at His Word*. My brother and sister, when you and I step out and *take God at His Word*, He'll always do the thing He has promised to do.

God will never go back on His Word. He says, "If any man will open the door, *I will come in*, and sup with him." He says, "By me if any man enter, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out—in and out, and find pasture." What does that mean? It means you shall go in for protection. The wolf comes; you go in through the door. Danger comes; you've got a friend in Jesus. Tribulation comes and there's One who will stand by you. Sickness comes, and you have the great I AM. "By me if any man will enter in, he shall be saved and go in for protection, and go out to pasture."

Go out to this great pasture land, my brother, and be satisfied with God tonight. There's no other way. Jesus has a pasture for every individual. That is, He has satisfaction for everybody, it makes no difference who it is. Here's a child two years old. I want to say, friends, that Christ has pasture for a two-year-old child. He has pasture for the children until they come up to their early adolescence. He has pasture from there on up, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and on up through those very plastic and rebellious years; Jesus Christ has pasture for *every member* of your home.

That young man, that young woman, that's out there to the dance tonight; that's out there to the show, I want to tell you my brother, that Jesus has pasture for them. You say, "Is it wrong to go to a show? is it wrong to dance?" Brother, I said that Christ has pasture for them. I am not here to advertise any show; I'm not here to advertise any dance, but *I'm here to advertise Christ*; and that Jesus Christ has pasture for *every individual*, no matter who the person is.

Why, you have food—some of you folks that have a poultry farm—you have food for your baby chicks; you have food for them when they grow up a little older; you have food for the older ones. Jesus Christ told Peter, “Lovest thou me?” Peter said, “Thou knowest that I love thee.” He said, “Feed my lambs.” Then He said, “Feed my sheep.” The Lord has provision for the pasture and for the building up of the *entire* family.

Then over in Revelation 3:8, where the Lord says, “Behold—Behold—.” O whenever God says, “Behold,” there is something definite coming. “Behold, I have set before thee an open door.” “I have set before thee an *open door*, and no man can shut it.” An *open door* which *cannot be closed*. Now this last reference that I have read to you applies to a particular time in the creation of the world. There are some passages of Scripture which are very definitely applicable to one particular period of time. This particular reference which I have just read for you is taken from the message of the Lord to the Church of Philadelphia, and you will be interested to know that the Church of Philadelphia represents every true believer just before the translation. That then is speaking directly to every Christian here tonight. He says, “Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.”

Now let us just see the application of this verse: “an open door, and no man can shut it.” The first one I wish to mention is the door that goes up. You know that when Noah built the ark, God told him that he should put a window on the top. When the rain descended and the flood came, and the wind blew, *there was a way out*. I want to tell you, my precious friends, tonight the thunder storms

may roll and howl, and the earth beneath you may begin giving way, but there's a window up above. There is never a night so dark, but what you can see your hand above your head. Try it out sometime; some night when it is so very, very dark that you cannot see your hand in front of your face. But there *never* has been a night so dark but what you could see your hand above your head.

My friend, there is an open door that no man on earth can close for me, and that is the door toward God. The door is open. Sickness may come; death may come; disappointments may come, but, friends, the door is open toward God. Have you come to that open door? Has Jesus Christ become the One, my friend, to whom you can pour out *your* troubles? You know a lot of us, friends, we like to have somebody that we can go to and tell our troubles; you know, friends, I've quit that. There is one Person to whom I want to tell my troubles, and only one—and that's God.

There was a time when I burdened Mrs. Rediger with my troubles; it may be I do now more than I should. But, friends, she has enough troubles of her own; why should I trouble her with my troubles? Why should I burden my children with my troubles; they have enough of their own. Why should I trouble you with my troubles? You have your troubles. Why not go to the One who said, "Cast your burdens on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." My friend, when you have once gotten the habit of telling God *only* about your troubles, and then when you go to an individual to tell your troubles, it will seem very shallow to your own heart. You don't get the reaction out of it as you do when

you tell God. He said, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee—sustain *thee*." He will hold you up. That's what God has for everybody. He has that for you tonight. Praise God!

Then there is the other door that no man can shut. This refers definitely to the door of evangelism. Things have become very dark during the past few months, and people's faith has been tried. I don't think there is an individual—I don't believe that there is a Christian but what has had their faith tested along financial lines. My friend, God says here, "I have set before thee an *open door*."

Somebody was here the other day, and told me about the natural inclination of suppressing the Gospel, mentioning definitely the great hook-up in the world. He said, "Mr. Rediger, how long do you think that you can broadcast?" I just looked down for a moment, and I said, "Here, God has said, 'Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.'" And friends, if you and I remain in this Philadelphian Church—if you and I retain our position before God, then that door will *never* be closed. Now understand what I say here; I want to modify this. When I say the door will never be closed, I mean that we'll always have a way to spread the Gospel. I'm not saying how, but the door must remain open. It **MUST** remain open, because God said it *would remain open*; and so it is going to remain open.

There is one thing, however, we must have, and that is a political pull. O we do? I'll tell you, friends, there is one person, whose path you and I, as Christian workers, had better not cross, and that is the path

of God. If we lose our political pull with God, my brother, we're done, that's all. It matters not with whom else we may lose out, if we lose out with God, we're simply done, that's all. Friends, *there* is the place where I want to retain *my* political pull.

Some fellows were here this past week, and we were talking about a certain thing—a political pull. They were talking about the work and so on. I said, "Brother, I wouldn't walk across the road for such a political pull as you are talking about." There is *only one person* with whom I want that pull, and *that's God*. You say, "Well, Mr. Rediger, how do you do it?" I'll tell you, friends, there is one thing I do—I keep my window open toward heaven. As I drive along the road; wherever I go; I can always breathe a silent prayer to God. It is a prayer, friends, that is not in words; it is a prayer that is not in outward expression; for it's a prayer that passes all understanding. Do you know what the Lord said? "Behold, I will answer and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

I want to tell you Christian workers here tonight—and there are a great many of you here that are devoting time and energy and money to the spreading of this Gospel. Let us keep our windows open toward heaven, so that we may continue to have a political pull with God, and the fires of hell will *never* extinguish the revival here in this temple, *never in the world*. My brother and sister, if we will maintain our integrity with Jesus Christ—walk perfect before Him—nothing in all the world will neutralize the forces of God. The devil has tried it hard enough here in Ft. Wayne. I could tell you instance after instance; right here in this work, that it has gone

through, and every time it went through that fire, it has come out *clearer*, and *purser*, and *mightier* than ever before.

That's exactly the program of God. The open door that's going to remain open until Jesus takes His Bride home; then the door is going to be closed. What, the door going to be closed? Yes, Jesus said, "Work, for the night is coming, when *no man* can work." "Then came also the other virgins, and said, Lord, Lord, open to us." But the door was shut. The door was shut? Yes, the door was shut.

Then over in Luke 13; just a few verses there yet: the 13th chapter of Luke, the 24th and 25th verses: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." "Strive." What does that mean? "Strive" means that you put forth physical energy; you put forth some effort. You don't just lie back, and let somebody take you in, and if you don't get in you'll stay on the outside. *No*, it means that you determine in your heart. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." Listen, it so that I won't get it wrong; it is God's Word: "For I I'm going to make a tremendous statement here—I'll read say unto you many will seek to enter in, and *shall not be able*." Why? There's a difference between "*seeking*" and "*striving*". Do you really want to get saved, my brother?

There was the man who was sick for thirty-eight years, lying by the pool of Bethesda. Jesus came along, and He said, "Wilt thou be made whole?" The most ridiculous question that anybody ever asked a man. Sick for thirty-eight years; came all the way to the pool to be healed, and the Savior asked him, "Wilt thou?" Brother, it's going to take your "*will*" to get saved. *You must will.*

Brother, no man can come down there and pick you up and carry you to the altar. That's why I do not have anybody out in these congregations to solicit people to come to the altar. If you come, you are going to come from *your own good will*, or you won't come at all.

The Lord said, "Strive to enter in." Why, my brother, if I were not saved tonight, I'd jump over every chair to get here. Absolutely. You say, "Rediger, you're crazy." I'm not. Whenever a fire wagon goes, you stop. Why? Because the fire wagon is rushing along to save a property. My brother and sister, your soul is worth more—a *thousand times more*—than any house in Fort Wayne; and as far as that goes, it is worth more than the whole of Fort Wayne taken together. My brother and sister, there has *never* been a thing in all your days, that *you need to do* as much as to enter into this gate. "Strive to enter in at the gate; for many seek to enter." But brother, you'll have to have a will back of it. You'll have to make up your mind that you're going, *regardless* of what the other fellow does; *regardless* of what somebody else is going to say about you. "Strive to enter in at the gate."

Then He goes on to say, in the 25th verse: "When once the master of the house is risen up and has shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are." My brother, it's *a terrible thing*. If you'll hold your breath a little while—I mean, just be quiet a little bit—I want to read a verse here that I hate to read. Here it is—Luke 16:26: The rich man is down in hell; Lazarus is up there in Abraham's bosom; the rich man calls for a sip of water.

Listen: "And beside all this, betwen us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence." *A closed door!*

Right alongside of it, I want to read for you these two last verses of the evening: (II Peter 1:10.) "Wherefore, rather brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things, ye shall never fail." "Make your calling and election *sure*." Are you *sure* of your gound tonight, my brother? "Well," you say, "I belong to the same church that Brother So-and-So does." O friends, I wouldn't tack my salvation on what anybody else does. No, I'd want to see for myself. Just make *your* calling and *your* election sure. What are you basing *your* salvation on? Brother, let's be fair tonight; let's just have a little heart conversation. Is it some fear? Is it some man? Or, are you standing on the Word of God? My brother, this is the *only thing* that's sure.

The Lord said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." Do you have the Book as your foundation? Are you anchored in the Word of God? Have you fixed your hope in the Word *tonight*? "Wherefore brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if you do these things, ye shall never fail." My friend, though every door on earth be closed, if that one yonder stands ajar, how wonderful! if we can say:

"A tent or a cottage, why should I care,
They're building a palace for me over there.
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing,
All glory to God, I'm a child of the King."

Are you a child of the King tonight? That is a question let's settle once for all. Are you a child of God tonight? Is your hope upon the Word of God? Friends, I'm not trying to shake your faith, because this is something that *cannot be shaken*. Over here in 1st Peter, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" And this verse alongside of it: "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom." There's a man out yonder; he's dying; he's dying, and this is the thought that he slips away with:

"Not at death I shrink nor falter,
 For my Savior saves me now.
 But to meet Him empty-handed—
 Thought of this now clouds my brow.
 Must I go, and empty-handed,
 Must I meet my Savior so?
 Not one soul with which to greet Him,
 Must I empty-handed go?"

Not of this; not of that, but the thought of being empty-handed. "If the righteous scarcely be saved—like the thief on the cross." But Jesus said, "Today you will be with me in paradise." But he went empty-handed. "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly." Well, what is that? Listen, friends, the Lord Jesus says, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." He will save you tonight; if you will follow Him; if you walk with Him; if you obey God. I'm thinking of the day "when the roll is called up yonder". I can hear the wedding bells and I can hear the angelic choir, tier upon tier, and row upon row.

“Don’t you hear the bells now ringing?
Don’t you hear the angels singing?
’Tis the glorious Hallelujah jubilee!”

Then you see them coming—the blood-washed throng. Sinners that have been bought with the blood of the Lamb are coming with their robes on—their white robes. They are coming through the pearly gates, while the angels sing. Oh, when the saints come marching home. What a wonderful chorus through the skies shall ring, when the saints come marching in. You can see them there sitting around Him yonder, and there is the great throne of God, but listen, another shout, and it *fills the universe*. Angels then shall fold their wings. Why? O there are the conquerors coming, there are the *battle-scarred warriors*. Look, yonder, Christ leads His hosts, and pushes back the gates of pearl, and there they come—the conquerors—an abundant entrance in. O what a wonderful chorus through the skies shall ring, when the saints are marching in.

What are you living for, brother? Are you hanging on to the little, dirty, nasty things of life? “O think of the home over there.” My brother, eye hath never seen, nor ear heard, the glories yonder. The apostle Paul was up there; when he came back he said, “I can’t tell it.” Wonderful! He said he saw things that were not lawful for man to utter. O toil not for wealth that will perish; the gain will melt and moulder away. Jesus said, “Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.”

Where is your treasure tonight, my brother? Where is your treasure this evening? The apostle Paul said, our conversation, and our citizenship and our walk is in heaven, "from whence also we look for the Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." Here in the last sentence of this precious Book, where it says, "Lo, I come quickly," the apostle John, with bowed head and reverent heart said, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Our precious Lord, we thank Thee for Thy presence; we are so glad for the invitation where Thou hast said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man will open the door, I will come in—he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. I will sup with him, and he with me." O blessed God, we thank Thee that this is no longer a question of standing, or of position, or any other earthly way of getting these things. But just the plain "whosoever will." Blessed God, there are some folks here tonight that have been thinking; Lord, we know there are some thinking people in this congregation. Lord, they are going to settle the question tonight, once and forevermore. Once and for all, blessed God, they are going to walk out, and before angels, men, and devils, will take their stand with Christ. O blessed Christ, we thank Thee for Thy presence tonight, in Jesus' name. Amen.

Just now, while we have our heads all bowed; while we are in the presence of the Holy Christ, I wonder how many of you here tonight will just get right up from where you are, and come down here and meet me at the altar, and take your stand for Jesus tonight. Tell Him, "Lord, I will open the door; I will enter in; I will receive Christ as my Savior and my Healer, and my Baptizer." Just now, while we all have our heads bowed in

prayer, and every one is definitely looking to God; no matter what your name is, or where you came from, or anything at all. Possibly it is a little hard for you; we are going to stand and make it a little bit easier. I wish that we might all stand, and while we do folks, you just come right out, will you please—while we all stand. Everybody with a definite need come right out, just now, for Jesus' sake.

Altar Call, and many came.

LIFE

By Rev. B. E. Rediger



I walked in the woodland and meadows
When the sun was high and bright,
I knelt and prayed in the shadows
In the summer's noon-day light.

I returned, 'twas in the autumn,
The leaves had fallen down;
The rays of the sun had lengthened,
Death seemed to wear his crown.

Again in the grip of winter
In this same path I came,
Chill and cold it all lay buried
Beneath death's mantle slain.

But once more in early springtime
I ventured out with glee;
In place of snow and ice-chilled dale,
The birds and grass to see.

Upon another scene I gazed,
'Twas life in fullest bloom,
Success seemed all apparent
No time or place for doom.

But then the silver threads came on
And from life's busy way,
Old Father Time had rushed him on
'Till in the grave he lay.

The winter blasts across had swept
All hopes had faded out,
Loved ones stood o'er the grave and wept
Where the casket was lowered down.

But once again I read and prayed
My Bible open wide,
I saw a day not far away
When light shall darkness hide.

For it will not be long, dear friend,
When Jesus comes again,
Life will burst forth from sea and grave
As we to heaven ascend.

For this blest hope I'll live and work,
My life shall all be spent,
To bring these Gospel Messages
'Till earth with heaven shall blend.

B. E. R.

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Lines by MRS. MARY A. KLINE, Warren, Ind.

"He has gone and left us weeping,
He's not dead, but only sleeping;
He is happy with the Lord
And has gone to his reward."

GOOD NIGHT HERE AND GOOD MORNING UP THERE

By Rev. B. E. Rediger

Jonathan and David said "good-by" to meet only once more in the world for a few short words, and then they parted—Jonathan, the crown prince, to be killed in just a few short days, and David for forty years to be king of God's chosen people.

It was a long time to be separated, forty long years of three hundred sixty-five days each, and every day with twenty-four hours. But Christ is above the shadow of death. The dark monster that grips our hearts is no barrier with God. The same Lord who took the spirit of Jonathan to Himself, watched over David while he was king.

Sometimes when David's feet would stray, God quickly rebuked and brought him back, until one day when David, old with years, had served his generation he fell asleep and was gathered home. Jonathan and David had said "good night" here, and then "good morning" up there.

As David looked back over forty years they seemed only a hand's breadth. As a vapor it had come and gone so quickly, while Jonathan too had gone into the presence of the Lord, and the forty years to him certainly were only as forty short days; a real pleasure in the presence of the King. And so it matters not if a loved one may have been gone for a long time or only a few short days, we shall meet to part no more. We will say "good morning" never to say "good night," but will forever enjoy eternal life.

O what bliss to live forever. That is the greatest joy of the human heart. Nothing is so sweet as life. To live is the desire of every human being. Even in the perplexities of life when sometimes we are discouraged of life, we are still not ready to die.

And so, after a million years have come and gone, it will be only just begun. If eternal joys were to end and life were to become extinct after several million years have rolled around, the future would still have a cloud, but thank God, it is the "land of an unclouded day," where we live forever with Him and never say "good-by".

Cheer up then, my brother and sister, for though you have said, or must say "good night" here, it will be "good morning" up there.

POEM DEDICATED TO MRS. REDIGER FROM AN APPRECIATIVE RADIO LISTENER

Greenville, Michigan, March 18, 1932. Dear Gospel Workers: I wish to say we received your book, "The Heavenly Vision," which is rightly named. It is a most wonderful book, so full of faith and inspiration. I also love to read Brother Rediger's sermons. They were heaven-sent. I am sending a few verses I wrote as an expression of my thoughts for dear Mrs. Rediger:

Just beyond the silent river,
My Beloved One has gone
To dwell with Christ forever,
For his toil on earth is done.

And now my heart is longing
To meet him over there,
Where there will be no mourning
And not a sigh nor care.

Seems by fancy I can hear
My Loved One sweetly say
"Darling Wife and Children dear,
We'll meet again some day."

MRS. MAUDE ESTEP.

The following lines were repeated by Al. Becker, the announcer over station WOWO, at the close of the broadcasting of Rev. Rediger's funeral:

“Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Savior's breast;
We love thee well; but Jesus loves thee best:
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!”

The broadcasting of the complete funeral service was given by WOWO as a loving tribute to the memory of Mr. Rediger, and was greatly appreciated by Mrs. Rediger and the many thousands of loyal Temple friends.

COMMENTS FROM FRIENDS OF THE REV. B. E. REDIGER

It is to the glory of God that I endeavor to relate my acquaintance, co-operation and fellowship with the late Rev. B. E. Rediger, Founder, Pastor, Evangelist, of the Fort Wayne Gospel Temple.

It was our happy privilege of being reared in the same community, in fact we were born and reared in the same section of land, Pike Township, Livingstone Co., Illinois. We went to the same public school, attended the same Sunday School and Church services. We also preached our first Gospel sermon in the same Church and back of the same sacred desk.

The courage and zeal manifested in the life of our departed brother, even as a mere boy, and throughout his life and ministry, was very commendable, and proved an inspiration and blessing to my life and ministry.

I well remember the first message which I was privileged to hear our brother deliver. It was upon the subject of The Home. It was with unction and liberty that this message was delivered at a Convention.

During my pastorate, Brother Rediger was engaged as Evangelist in a series of meetings in my parish, which proved a success in the salvation of souls and edification of the Church.

I was much impressed with the influence that radiated from the life of our brother because of his being a man of much prayer and having his conversation in heaven.

God, who maketh all things well, has seen fit to take unto Himself our Brother, and may his life, ministry, and early departure, serve as a challenge to us who are redeemed and called to greater and nobler service for His Name's Sake.

Rev. Eli J. Oyer, Pastor, Woodburn, Indiana.

•• •• ••

Dear Mrs. Rediger:

I have thought very often of your departed husband. He was certainly a man of God, an untiring worker; and the Church has lost a great warrior, a mighty soul-winner and a powerful evangelist, in his death. But Heaven has gained, and in that you can rejoice.

Praying that God Himself may be your comfort and stay,
I remain, Yours in Christian fellowship,

Rev. Oswald J. Smith, Toronto Gospel Tabernacle.

When I first visited the Gospel Temple, Fort Wayne, Ind., I marveled at its size. I was impressed with the heavenly spirit that characterized the place. Although my first visit lasted but a few minutes, we knelt at the altar together and Rev. B. E. Rediger prayed for and anointed one of the workers that accompanied me.

Having studied prayer in the school of the Spirit for twenty-five or more years, I could at once detect by the simplicity, earnestness and fervor of his prayer, that he truly walked with Christ in the school of prayer.

Later on, after our precious brother had gone to be with Christ, and I was invited to conduct a series of evangelistic meetings at the Temple, I discovered that the Temple itself, and all of its marvelous testimony, is the direct result of the prayer life of Brother Rediger and his faithful wife, assisted by the prayers and efforts of the friends of the work whom God has raised up.

Dr. DeWitt Johnston, Ft. Wayne Gospel Temple, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

.. ..

Although it has never been my privilege of personally knowing the late B. E. Rediger, except through correspondence with him, I many times thank God for his Godly life and for his faith in God which made him such a wonderful channel of blessing to such a multitude.

During our revival campaign, now in its eleventh week in the Fort Wayne Gospel Temple, which is a monument to his faith, I am daily meeting those who tell of being saved and blessed and healed under his fruitful ministry. I am also reading letters daily from the great radio audience and from readers of the World-Wide Temple Evangelist telling how they have been blessed by his messages over the air and by reading his life story and the other various books which contain his God-anointed messages. He has turned many to righteousness and will "shine as the stars forever and ever."

Rev. Fred F. Bosworth, River Forest, Ill.

.. ..

It is a great thing to have known a man like Rediger that fell in the ranks. You can't think about yourself when you're in a battle; you just look to see whether the bullets are all in your belt, that's all. This man forgot himself in the protection of others; he prayed for thousands; he went down. He could have taken care of himself, but even any little warnings, or any little pains, he paid no attention to. But, he's fought a good fight; he's finished his course.

Rev. Paul Rader, Chicago Gospel Tabernacle.

I am deeply thankful to be privileged to have had such a brother, a devout man of God, one who was successfully and courageously true to his conviction.

With Christian sincerity,

Rev. C. E. Rediger, South West Gospel Tabernacle, Chicago.

(Elder Brother of B. E. Rediger)

•• •• ••

Many tears have been shed by those who have visited the Temple, and well may their tears be shed, for one of God's mighty ones has fallen. Brother Rediger has literally poured out his life in the service of his Master. God has accepted the sacrifice: He has taken him to Himself. Our brother has been promoted.

Rev. B. F. Leightner, Dean of the Fort Wayne Bible Institute.

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God buries His workmen, but He continues to carry on His work.

Rev. J. E. Ramseyer, Pres. of the Ft. Wayne Bible Institute.

•• •• ••

Dear Mrs. Rediger:

On Monday forenoon I read your late husband's book "The Heavenly Vision" and it surely thrilled my soul. Every sentence in it seems to live. I wept with him as I read it, and I rejoiced with him and praised God for the wonderful way he was led.

I never look out on the Gospel Temple auditorium without thinking about the founder and thanking God for the years of life He gave him.

I feel it an honor to have this time of fellowship in the work at Fort Wayne Gospel Temple.

Sincerely yours,

Duncan McNeill (Scottish Evangelist).

•• •• ••

Humanity has lost a great benefactor. The sick and the suffering, the poor and the needy have lost a real friend. When he came to Fort Wayne, he came following a heavenly vision and he has always been obedient to this heavenly vision. On the one hand he saw needy humanity and on the other hand he saw the Almighty God with resources inexhaustible. He knew that the promises of God were for "whosoever will" and he, indeed was faithful to his calling to bring the needy in touch with the promises of God. He always had a message for those who were seeking help and not only a message but at innumerable times has personally lent a helping hand to the helpless. He is gone, but not forgotten. He is dead, yet he speaketh.

C. H. Muselman, Editor and Manager, Berne Review
and Economy Printing Conc., Berne, Indiana.

GONE TO BE WITH JESUS

Written by W. E. Ramp, a member of the Gospel Temple Band,
in memory of Brother B. E. Rediger.

“For we shall hear his voice no more
Who was so brave and clean and true;
We shall not hear upon the air
The friendly voice we knew.

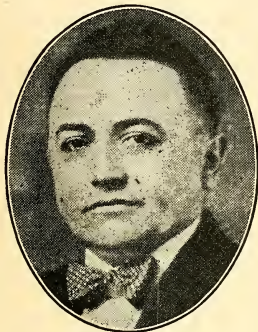
It seems for such a little while
His presence made our joys complete;
Now we shall miss his gentle smile
Until beyond we meet.

So happy was his parting word,
‘I’m all right now,’ he bravely said;
But in the morn God’s voice he heard,
And home with Jesus his spirit fled.

The pain is gone; he sleeps today
Beneath love’s feeble gifts of flowers.
‘He’s all right now!’ we strive to say,
But, oh, what loss is ours!” W. E. R.

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By Rev. B. E. Rediger



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